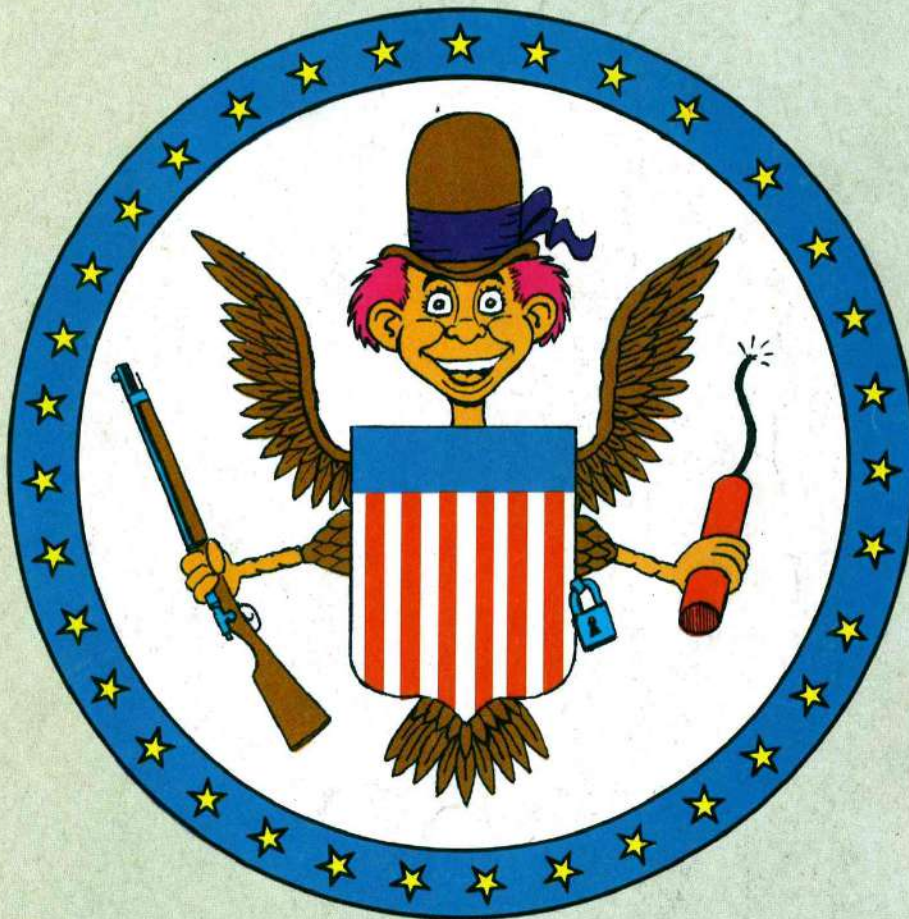


THE SECRET **SICK** PAPERS

mac
40¢

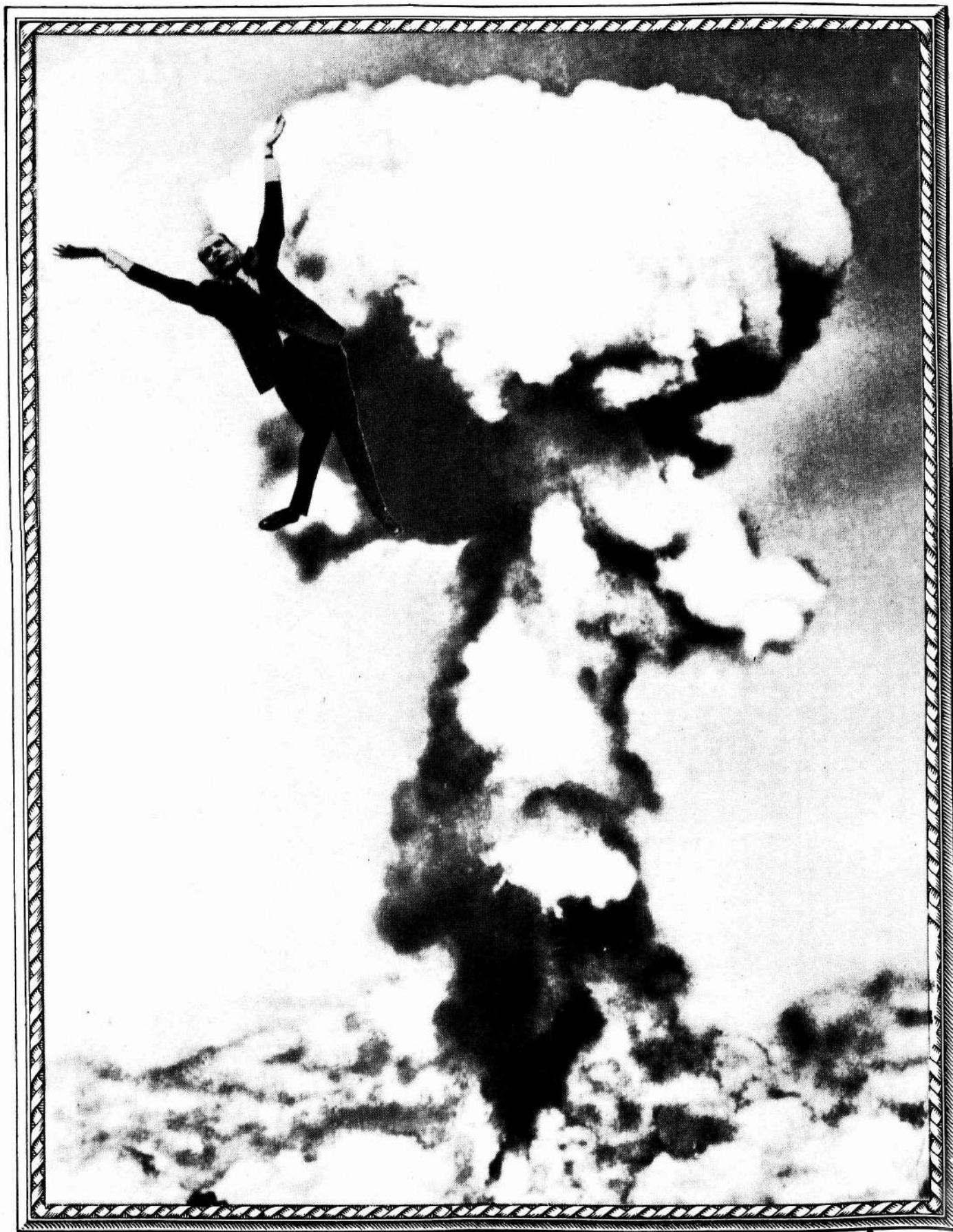
February 1972

Number 88



**FIRST TIME PUBLISHED
ANYWHERE!**

A SICK PORTRAIT:



FIRST CIVILIAN INTO SPACE!

SICK

No. 88

February 1972

Volume 12 Number 1

"Remember...you're never alone with schizophrenia!"

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|------------|
| SICK Looks At Presidential Horse Race | 6 |
| Stand-Up Comics From Other Minorities | 8 |
| The 10 Commandments For Modern Times | 11 |
| A Peek In Santa's Pockets | 12 |
| Ads For People Who Like Pollution | 14 |
| THE SECRET SICK PAPERS | 16 |
| A Travel Tour For Masochists | 18 |
| New Home Catering Services | 21 |
| COMEDIAN OF MONTH: Jackie Vernon | 23 |
| Computer Mis-Match | 24 |
| SICK SICK WORLD | 28 |
| SICK Letters To Stop Junk Mail | 30 |
| Contemporary Limericks | 32 |
| A SICK Look At Gypsies | 35 |
| Single Weekends Throughout History | 38 |
| The World's Easiest Exam | 40 |
| Ideas For Other Celebrity Franchises | 42 |
| Table Of Measures For Modern Times | 44 |
| SICK MOVIE REVIEW: Klute | 45 |
| News Briefs | 48 |
| SICK As It Seems | 50 |
| SICK Pinup | CENTERFOLD |
| SICK Quotes | IN MARGINS |
| SICK Humor | ELSEWHERE |

Editorial Director
PHIL HIRSCH

Editor
PAUL LAIKIN

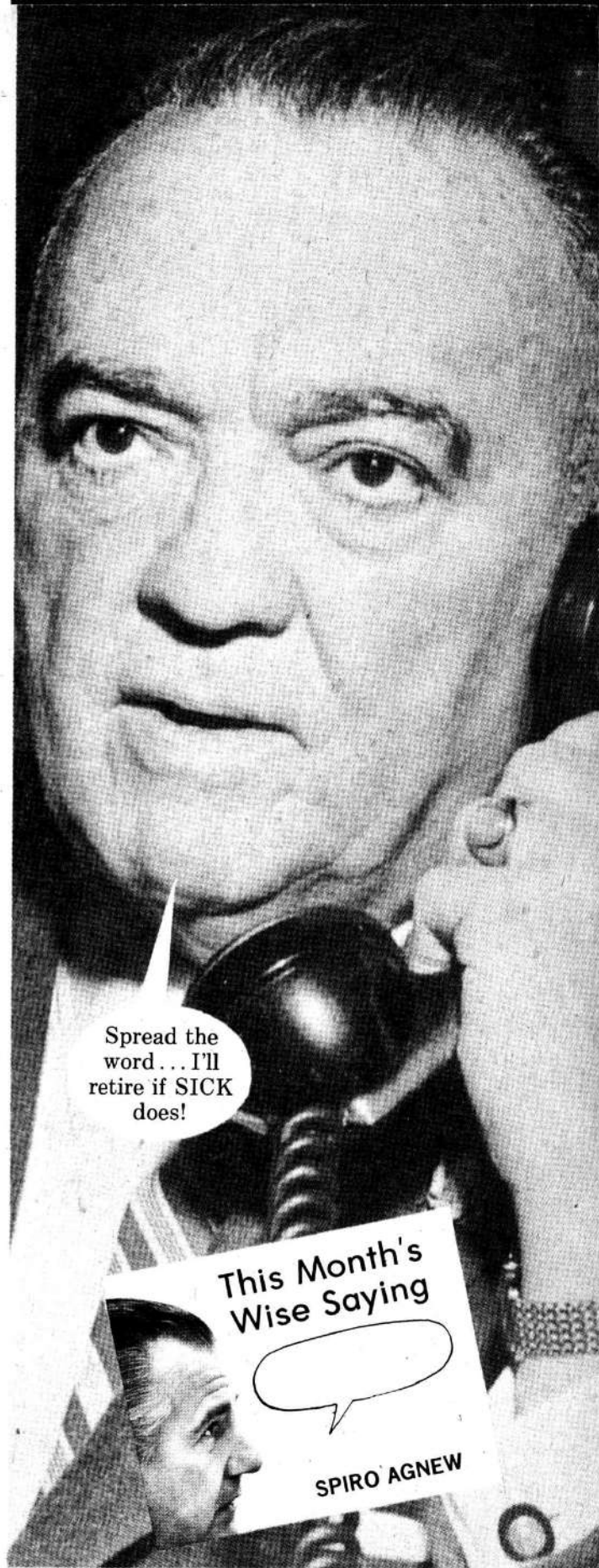
Associate Editor
FRED WOLFE

Circulation Director
RON ADELSON

Production Manager
HAL HOCHVERT

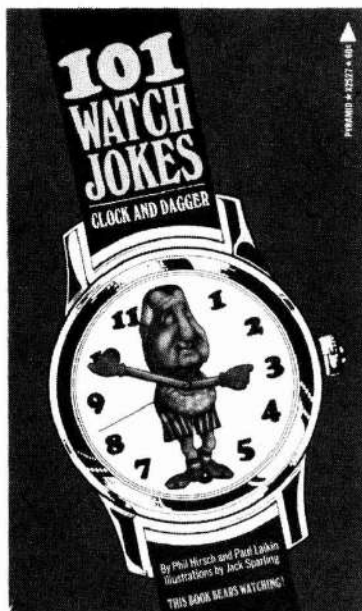
Contributing Editors

Bob Heit, Aron Mayer, Eden Norah, Gregg Axelrod,
Guy Thomas, Huckleberry Fink

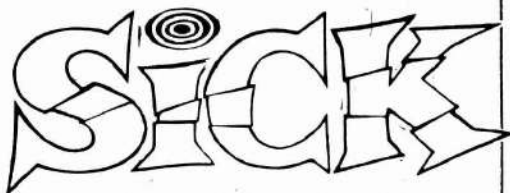


SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by Hewfred Publications, Inc. Editorial and executive offices, 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Single copy, 40¢, subscription rate in the United States and possessions, \$3.00 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, \$3.60. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted © 1972 by Hewfred Publications, Inc., 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved throughout the world under the Universal Copyright Conventions, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U.S.A.

**AMERICA'S HOTTEST
NEW PAPERBACK!**
(it's printed on parchment)



**THE BRAND-NEW
PAPERBACK BY THE
EDITORS OF**



Yes, this book bears watching. That's because it's ahead of its time. Chock full of celebrity bits and pieces, it's destined to sell out quickly. In fact, book-dealers are already calling it the biggest sellout in history! So get your copy today — before time runs out for both of us!

**ON SALE
NOW!**



Sickcerely Yours

This letter is in regard to your SICK Annual 1971. In it was an article called "Headlines From Madison Avenue" and one of the items involved an Avon Lady who disappeared into a house. I belong to a non-profit Avon Collector's Club and each month a bulletin is sent to our some 150 members with info on Avon's notes on the meetings, etc. I was wondering if we could gain permission to reprint the "Avon" part of the article in our bulletin. We thought it was very amusing since it concerned our hobby.

RANDY RUSH
TACOMA, WASH.

That "Sick Book of Etiquette For Slobs" was great. I know a lot of people who could use it. Congratulations to Joe Catalano and Tony Tallarice.

ADAM KNEE
HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

I want you to know that I'm trying out your ideas on "How To Break The TV Habit" on my children who, I'm sorry to say, are hopelessly hooked. If it works out I'll be eternally grateful to you.

MRS. R.F. GREENE
EUSTICE, OHIO

"How To Break The TV Habit" was a classic. Keep up the good work!

RALPH SWETLEY
MACON, GA.

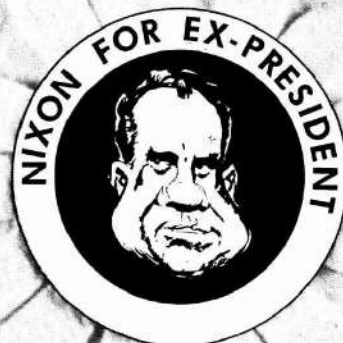
ED. NOTE: What? And make a habit of it?

You're right. We should elect Mickey Mouse our President. This country could use a real rat in the White House!

MARVIN SWOPE, JR.
DULUTH, MINN.

ED. NOTE: What's the matter with the one we got now?

BUTTON OF THE MONTH:





Enjoyed the article in SICK #85 about a newspaper. My official title is Reporter and Feature Writer, but I also do all those other things you mentioned in your article...

RUSS VERNON
TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.

ED. NOTE: So how do you find time to write letters to the editor?

Don't tell me you're going to run those Sick As It Seems things each and every issue?

TOM HANKINS
DARIEN, CONN.

ED. NOTE: O.K., we won't tell you...you'll have to find out for yourself!

Enjoyed your article on "Other Gambling Games For New York City." Believe me, you're not kidding. The City could use some of that betting loot. We haven't made it legitimately so it's about time we turned to other means!

JOHN A. VERTUCCI
NEW YORK CITY

Those Help Wanted Ads From The Pages of History were superb. Real crazy. Where do you guys get your ideas?

BOBBY GLEAN, JR.
ROANOKE, VA.

ED. NOTE: From out of our minds.

I clipped your free Sick Coupons and tried to cash them in at the local supermarket. The man wouldn't accept them. He just laughed at me. What do you think of that?

MARK LEEDS
BIXBY, ILL.

ED. NOTE: Funny, he was supposed to laugh at the coupons.

I always get a kick out of your movie reviews but this time you really outdid yourself. The Wild Rovers was a gem. One of the funniest things I've read!

ELAINE GOLDBLATT
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

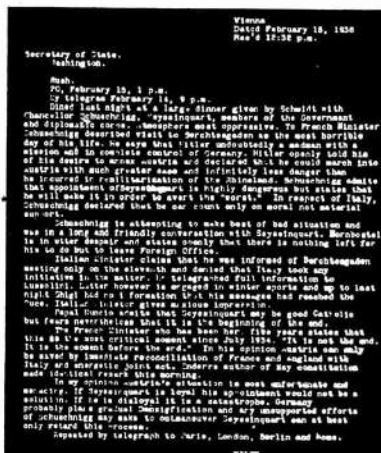
Specialized Sunglasses was by far the best piece of humor you've done recently. You might even call it shades of brilliance!

SHERWOOD JAMES
ONTARIO, CANADA

ED. NOTE: Why didn't you submit that title before we ran the piece?

Fred Wolfe really hit it big last issue with two superb poem parodies. Ode To Inflation was great but that Homer's Iliad takeoff was pure genius.

MARY ANN SELBY
TULSA, OKLA.



THE SECRET SICK PAPERS

see page 16

Headlines To Great Art was fresh, original and the finest piece of satire I've seen in a long time...

ARTIE PHILIPS
CHICAGO, ILL.

ED. NOTE: Where have you looked?

Man, like, last time out you really freaked out! I mean, like, having a naked picture of Adolf Hitler in your centerfold. Where do you expect people to hang that?

JIMMY JUSTIN
PHILA., PA.

ED. NOTE: From scotch tape in the back!

Nothing makes a man
more masculine
to
a
woman...

... Than an earthy
odor! Start smelling
like a man! No
sissy aroma here.
Blended from the
finest extracts of
rare portuguese
sea-weed. Sprinkle
liberally under
arm-pits. The
exhilarating odor
will haunt you
forever!



FOR THAT VIRILE SMELL...

L'AIMAN

(THE MAGGOT)

by
CUTY



\$3.50 PLUS MASK

CUTY SALOON NEW YORK CITY
CUTY... THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY
THAT IS PITTSBURGH

SICK LOOKS AT THE

1972 PRESIDENT

"I used to be one of the Supremes!" - Abe Fortas

Script by DAVID MALEH

TRICKY DICKY

Has the best starting position so is the early favorite. Can act up however, especially under pressure. Clever maneuvering in the final stretch of the race though, may help this veteran's chances. Runs best straight down the middle on a mud-slinging trail.

ROCKY RICHES

Tough old workhorse from the rich stables of Argentina and New York, has beaten classy performers before but may now be over the hill. A heavy favorite with the fans, always has loads of money riding on it. Could finish first if runs just right of center.

RONNIE RAVISHING

Used to act up a lot but is still popular with the crowd. A tenderfoot from the California stables, boasts of light soft shoe. Usually does better at night under a spotlight. Has one peculiar quirk however. Always seems to run on the far right.

JOHNNY SWITCHER

This fresh-looking steed is a winner in the good looks department and women seem to go wild. May need a little more seasoning though, before moving up. Recently switched from right to left on the post line, a move regarded by others as jockeying for position.



TRICKY DICKY

ROCKY RICHES

RONNIE RAVISHING

JOHNNY SWITCHER

TIAL HORSE RACE

Art by LUGOZE

HUBIE BOOBIE

Sired on the LBJ Ranch, this slow-moving veteran is looking better lately. Usually gives dull, uninspired performance but never seems to quit. Great stamina, can go on for hours on end. Overlook past performance when you bet on this one. Comes through when chips are down.

MISTER ED

A big, lumbering easy-moving powerhouse, has shown plenty of class. Appears to have stamina but tends to tire after long exposure. Could be potential blockbuster if timing is right. From the north country, ran second four years ago but made impressive showing.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Primarily a country horse, has been running long and hard recently. Should be well conditioned for the finals. A favorite with youthful fans, has a temperate, peaceful style. Lack of exposure could hurt chances for winning. Don't discount however, could be real dark horse.

TEDDY READY

A promising colt, but allergic to water and loses direction easily. This could hurt any chance in the big race. From a long line of recent champions plagued by bad luck, will probably start slow then give out with strong final push. Great possibility for long-shot players.



**HUBIE
BOOBIE**

**MISTER
ED**

**GORGEOUS
GEORGE**

**TEDDY
READY**

Years ago almost all stand-up comics logists are an accepted part of the the way and have...

STAND-UP FROM OTHER min

THE AMERICAN INDIAN COMIC

Me no get no respect... many moon ago, squaw tell me take out garbage. She no mean trash can. She mean my belongings inside tepee. Me tell you... not easy being redskin these days. Sunburn ointment never work. (PAUSE) That joke, white man. You laughum or me scalpum. Remember what we do-um to Custer! Anyway, me tired. You think it easy standing all day in front of cigar store? Better than posing all time for face on nickel. Me only kidding. Me no have to do this for living. Me know Jane Fonda. Besides, me got other job. Me teach Indians when they jump from plane to yell "Paratrooper!" (PAUSE) That another joke, white man. Better laughum or me do big rain dance right here on stage. Oh, oh... me go now. Me see John Wayne in audience. Him carrying sign saying "Better Dead Than Red!"

Art by JACK SPARLING



were white. Today, black mono-
nightclub scene. So why not go all

COMICS

ORITY GROUPS

Script by ALAN HEWETSON

THE CHINESE-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, honorable lady and gentleman. Funny thing happen on way to work here. Honorable mugger point gun at me and say: "Give me all your money...to take out!" This tough business for honorable son like me. Get coolie wages and not Chinaman's chance to be big star. That is why I keep honorable day job. Work in Chinese Hand Laundry. And it is not easy...laundering Chinese hands all day. You think black man and red man have trouble? Yellow man got real problem. Take honorable brother-in-law...please. He yellow and very fat. Every time he cross the street, people yell at him "Taxi!" Hard to understand you white people. All look alike. And all ask me same question: "Should we admit Red China in U.N.?" Honorable answer is no. If we admit them, an hour later they will only want to be admitted again!





THE PUERTO RICAN COMIC

Hallo, everybody. Very hoppy be here tonight. Very hoppy be anywhere. I live in furnished room with 18 brother and sister. Last night had big accident. The bed broke. You wanna know why we people all wear pointed shoes? To kill cockroaches in the corner. Our neighborhood is so dirty, when the White Knight rides in he gets grease stains. People they all ask me, "Manuel, what you gonna do with all your garbage?" That's easy. I'm gonna open up a Puerto Rican restaurant. Things are tough for our people. Today if a Puerto Rican marries a black person he's a social climber. You wanna know how tough it is? Years ago they asked Adolf Eichmann to come to New York to handle the Puerto Rican situation!

"You'll like me, I'm a real cut-up!"—Jack The Ripper

THE POLISH-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, ladies and... er... um... ladies and... oh, forget it! This is Mikos Cockamamowski, your Polish emcee. A funny thing happened to me on the way here. I... uh... er um... I mean, I... I forgot it. Never mind. Anyway, I'm happy to be here at the... um... er... the... whatever this place is called. While standing outside, a man came up to me and said... er um... he said... uh... I forgot what he said, but anyway I said... um er... I said... uh... oh, never mind, it probably wasn't too funny anyway. Let me tell you about my dressing room. It's so small that... um er... so small that... I forgot how small it is. And so, in closing, I'd like to leave you with two words:... er um... er um... **THAT'S IT! Those are the two words: ER UM!!**



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR MODERN TIMES

as handed down by ART PAUL



- Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, unless thou pay a small covet charge.
- Thou shalt not commit adultery, nor even infancy.
- Thou shalt not play thy radio loud at night, except if thou lives in a Latin neighborhood.
- Thou shalt not throw litter out the window, but carry it down and throw it into the street.
- Thou shalt not use any four-letter words, unless writing a Broadway play.
- Thou shalt not borrow from Peter to pay Paul, unless thou borrowed from Paul to pay Peter in the first place.
- Thou shalt not tell lies, unless thou write TV advertising copy.
- Thou shalt not steal, unless thou have a good lawyer.
- Thou shalt not be jealous of anybody, except maybe the husband of Raquel Welch.
- Thou shalt not take graft or be corrupt. On the other hand, this does not mean thou shouldn't enter politics either.

A Peek in S


8196 counts of polluting the airways
11431 counts of damaging TV antennas
836972 counts of landing in unauthorized areas
639 counts of buzzing nudist colonies
Yearly fines for:
operating unapproved aircraft
overloading said aircraft
speeding
disturbing the peace

DRIVING-FLYING LICENSE

NAME K. Kringle
ADDRESS North Pole
TYPE OF VEHICLE you'd never believe it
WEIGHT: over HEIGHT: average AGE: don't ask

VIOLATIONS
fold here

"It's not easy growing old gracefully . . ." — Methuselah



Pocket
Size

**LAUGHING
GAS**

SHAKE
BEFORE USING

"I'm tired of working for peanuts!"—Sabu, the Elephant Boy

It's not easy growing old gracefully. — Methuiseelah

anta's Pockets

as viewed by
ROWENA COX



PRESCRIPTION

NAME S. Claus

Double Strength Tranquillizers
Take as needed
20 X a day
Eric + Clara M.D.
Prescribing Physician

COOL CLEANERS 12 Glacier Street North Pole

Name S. Claus

2pc red velvet suit
1 cap

Special
Instructions:
remove soot
stains and
repair burns
in fabric

\$5.50

Dec. 1, 1971

TO: S. Claus
FROM: North Pole Staff

Dear Boss:

This is to inform you that we, the undersigned elves, are now unionized (Local #25) and are sending our representatives to negotiate a new working contract with you. (Local #25) and are sending our representatives to negotiate a new working contract with you.

John
P. Smith
M. W. Smith
T. W. Smith
W. C. Smith
A. D. Smith
P. H. Smith
O. E. Smith
P. E. Smith
J. E. Smith
B. D. Smith
H. E. Smith

SPECIAL POLLUTED ARTICLE:

Since so many people are polluting our environment it stands to reason that there must be a percentage of them who just like to do it. A percentage who just don't give a darn about our environment. Some may just hate to look at natural beauty. Others may simply want to bug the establishment. Still others may be just plain nasty. Whoever these people are, we feel they should have a right to be heard; a right to their say; a right to express their particular viewpoint. And so SICK has come up with a campaign designed for these people. A campaign that will feature . . .

ADS

FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE POLLUTION

conceived by
HOWARD TAYLOR

executed by
JOHN COSTANZA

mutilated by
OUR PRODUCTION DEPT.

"Superragillisticepxplicalidocuous!"—Erem Zimbalist, Jr.

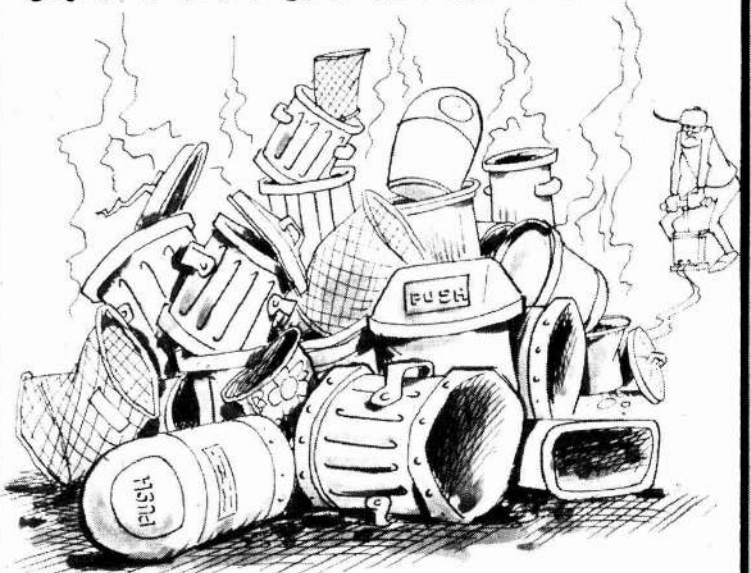
SAVE OUR OIL SLICKS



on the
SANTA BARBARA COAST

**DON'T RUIN
A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL
PETROLEUM SEEP**

**DO AWAY WITH
CLUTTERING
LITTER BASKETS**



and **UGLY GARBAGE CANS**

**DO NOT TAKE AWAY FROM THE NATURALNESS
VIEWING OF MAN'S WASTE**

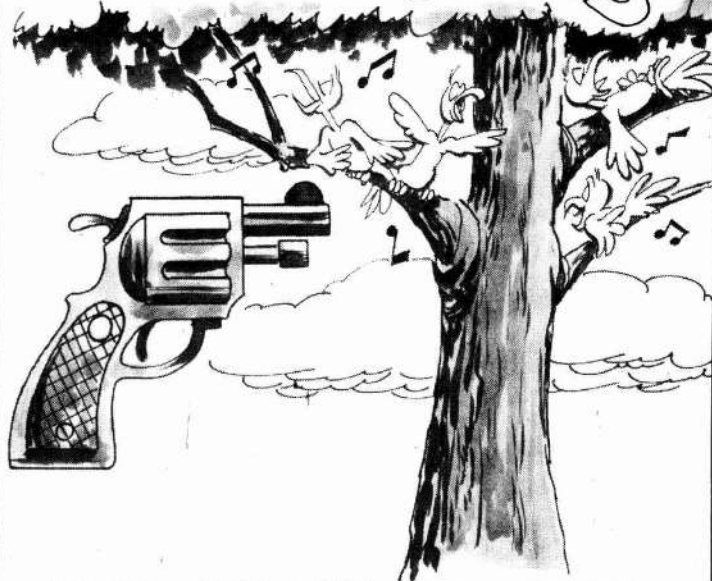
**KEEP UNSIGHTLY
TREES AWAY**



**FROM AMERICA'S
BILLBOARDS**

**LET THE WORDS OF OUR NATION
SHOW THRU THE WILDS
OF OUR NATURE**

**ELIMINATE THE
NOISE OF BIRDS**



**AND OTHER IRRITANTS
HELP IN THE FIGHT
AGAINST THE HARSH
SOUNDS IN OUR FORESTS**

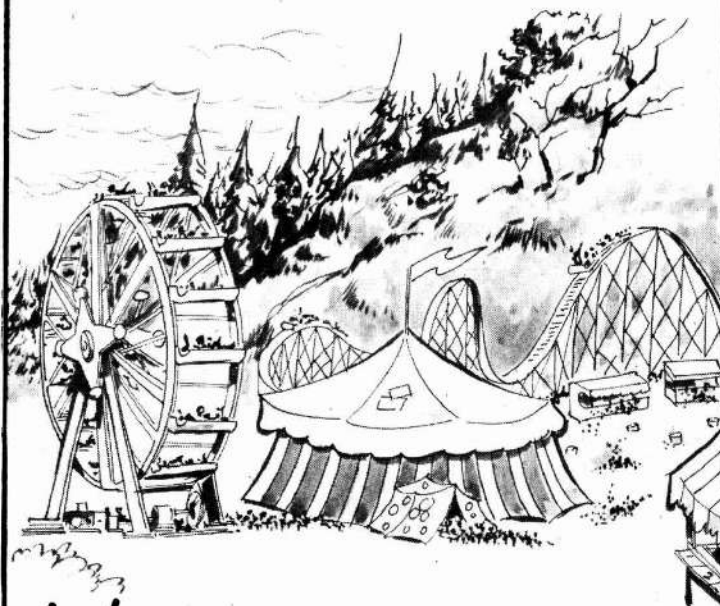
**INDUSTRIALIZE
THE AIR**



**with modern
auto FUMES**

**FILL THE
EMPTINESS OF SPACE WITH
THE USEFULNESS OF FUEL**

**turn
NATIONAL PARKS**



**into
AMUSEMENT PARKS**

**WHY JUST LOOK AT SCENERY
WHEN YOU CAN BE PART OF IT?**

[illegible]

SECRET PAPERS

THESE DOCUMENTS WERE LEAKED BY FRED WOLFE, PhD. (Phony Doctor)

THEY HAD TO BE KEPT IN THE ORIGINAL MICROFILM!

"You gotta draw the line somewhere..." - Pablo Picasso



Travel tours today are becoming more and more specialized. They now have world tours catering to all different types of people, from weight-watchers and bird-lovers to golf-widows and crossword puzzle-addicts. All these tours however, have one thing in common. They're all designed to please the traveler—to cater to his needs—to make his trip a happy one. This is fine, but it lets out one special type of person—the masochist. What about his needs? His desires? His pocketbook? And so SICK now proposes...

by
MARGARET BENNETT

(Illustrated by
Arnoldo Franchioni)



From ALICE IN WOMANLAND or THE FEMININE MISTAKE by Margaret Bennett. Copyright © 1967 by June Biermann and Barbara Toohey. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc.

"Just got back into town! Any messages?" — Judge Crater

A TRAVEL GUIDE FOR MASOCHISTS

MALAISE TOURS

"Around The World In Eighty Daze"

Fever, nausea, infection, fractures, cramps... barrels of physical discomfort and mental anguish galore await you only an ocean away. Suffer, suffer is the order of the day on each Malaise all-inclusive, all-infirmity tour. One price covers everything: three hospital meals a day—some even intravenous feedings!—anesthetics, oxygen tents, splints, bandages, and, of course, special injections and medications to your individual requirements.

With Malaise Tours the fun begins even before you leave home when that first needle pierces your arm or buttock as you begin your extensive series of shots that have been carefully planned to give you a sneak preview of the chills, fever, and all-pervading feelings of ill-being that lie ahead.

Then it's "All Aboard" for a turbulent jet trip during which you and the congenial members of your tour group join in the festive camaraderie of an air sickness party. Colorful paper bags are "on the house," just another extra merry-making feature of your Malaise tour.

As soon as your jet touches ground, you are met by an air-conditioned ambulance, containing the latest of modern rescue equipment, to whisk you to your hospital. Malaise Tours has made arrangements for you to stay in hospitals famed the world over, such as the tradition-steeped St. Thomas's Hospital in London, the cuckoo clock picturesque Burgerspital in Basle, and the romantic Beaujon in Paris.

Your tour director is worthy of special mention. He is a trained pathologist who loves and understands medical problems and who can guide you through the ins and outs of every disease and accident that befalls you on your tour. With him you won't miss a thing. He's a whiz at recognizing symptoms that might otherwise go unnoticed.

On your Malaise tour not only are you treated to the usual upset stomachs, blisters, insomnia, and mounting nervous tension and total exhaustion that most tours provide, but you also enjoy many extras that spell the difference between the mild malady and the critical, between minor surgery and major, between the simple fracture and the compound. Just look at a few of the many additional highlights that are yours on your Malaise tour:

- **Ireland**—gaily slip a disk as you hang upside down to kiss the Blarney Stone.
- **London**—as you smilingly look the wrong way before you cross the street, a lorry runs you down and you are rushed to a British National Health Service emergency hospital, where you are served two delicious Olde Englishe Aspirins free of charge!
- **Amsterdam**—it's mouth-to-mouth resuscitation time in this city of burghers, as a handsome blond bicyclist delivering colorful Edam cheeses knocks you into the famous Singel Canal.

- **Belgium**—the merry Walloons stage a surprise uprising and you and your party are allowed to participate in being stoned. Cuts and abrasions and bruises for all!
- **Heidelberg**—feel like a student prince—or princess—at the storybook-like Red Ox Inn, where, while you are learning to dance a spirited schuhplattler, your local partner smashes your instep to smithereens.
- **Paris**—bites galore! Bedbugs in your hotel, fleas in your taxi, and—a Malaise extra—a back-alley nip at your ankle from an authentic Parisian rat whose an-

cestry dates back to the time of Francois I.

- **Switzerland**—among the majestic snow-capped Alps you try your luck on skis and the irregular beat of your excited heart keeps time to the snapping of your bones.

- **Vienna**—in this, the mid-point city of your tour, you suffer a **crise de nerfs** (mild nervous breakdown) as you hallucinate that you are drowning in whipped cream while zithers incessantly play "The Third Man Theme." You undergo a few sessions of analysis with a classic Viennese psychia-

(Continued on next page)

trist complete with morning coat, striped pants, goatee, and ex-orbitant bill.

- **Russia**—in this land of bala-laika and babushka you are set upon by an unidentified borzoi and as a result you are privileged to indulge in the complete series of painful Pasteur shots.

- **Athens**—it's hangover time from a combination of ouzo and retzin consumed in an all-night cafe party with bouzouki music and dancing. (Many of those who have toured with us consider this the high point of sickness of their entire trip.)

- **Rome**—here in the Eternal City the ladies are pinched to a black and blue pulp, while the gentlemen are mugged in alleys by young apprentice Mafia members.

- **Madrid**—thrill to a classic Spanish bullfight and be nauseated by a combination of the heat, the goring of the blindfolded horses, and the blood splashing from the wounded bull. Then it's

off to a convivial "coup de grace" dinner of paella cooked in rancid olive oil.

- **Japan**—strain your Achilles tendon sitting in a marvelously cramped position on the floor and sample the famed **sashimi**—raw fish that will instill in your intestines a lifelong collection of harmful bacteria. For the more daring there's a "Japanese roulette" dinner of fugu fish (instantaneously poisonous if improperly prepared).

- **Australia**—it's farewell to your incisors as you are punched in the mouth by a disgruntled boxing kangaroo.

- **Tahiti**—while wading with a bevy of warm-skinned Polynesians, you step on a paralyzing Portuguese man-of-war with one foot and slice the other open on a bit of exquisite pink coral.

- **Hawaii**—second-degree sunburns for all and—another Malaise bonus treat—a mild concussion

from being bashed by a careless kane's surfboard.

- **Brazil**—on a trip up the verdant-shored Amazon in a dugout you dangle your feet in the cooling wake and a school of dread piranhas consume your great toe.

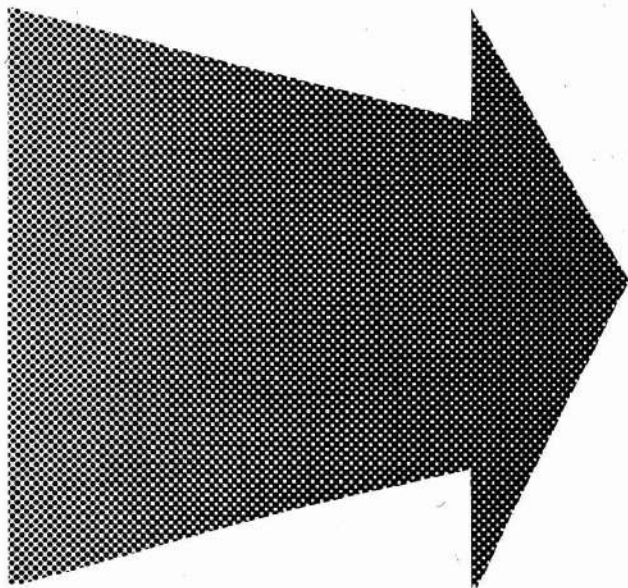
- **India**—you are gored by a sacred cow as the sari- and dhoti-clad natives look on in helpless fascination.

Yes, these are just a sample of the many extra frills Malaise Tours has planned to bring a new pallor to your cheek, a new limp to your gait, a new gasp to your breath and send you home on our beautiful converted Red Cross hospital ship with scars and aches and dormant germs that will be a part of you forever.

Malaise has a tour to fit every pocketbook. There's the thrifty "Chronic," the popular family favorite, "The Congenital," and the luxurious all first class way to go, "The Terminal." **END**

Since travel tours can be so exasperating, the best thing to do is stay at home. Especially these days when you can cater in things. In fact, today you can cater in practically anything for a price. Which brings us sneakily into the premise of our next article. Namely, a look into the future where we envision these . . .

NEW HOME CATERING SERVICES



Script by GUY THOMAS

Art by JACK SPARLING

CATER AN HISTORICAL EVENT

EVERYTHING FROM THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE TO THE WAR OF 1812 BROUGHT INTO YOUR HOME OR OFFICE (or snuck into your motel room)

Since you couldn't be present at the actual event, we bring the actual event right to you. Thrill to seeing, right in your living room, Jesus of Nazareth, Atilla the Hun, Vasco da Gama, the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah—and many other spectacular events. Have Columbus sail in your bathtub; watch Lucretia Borgia mix drinks in your kitchen; marvel at Jack the Ripper cutting up in your basement.

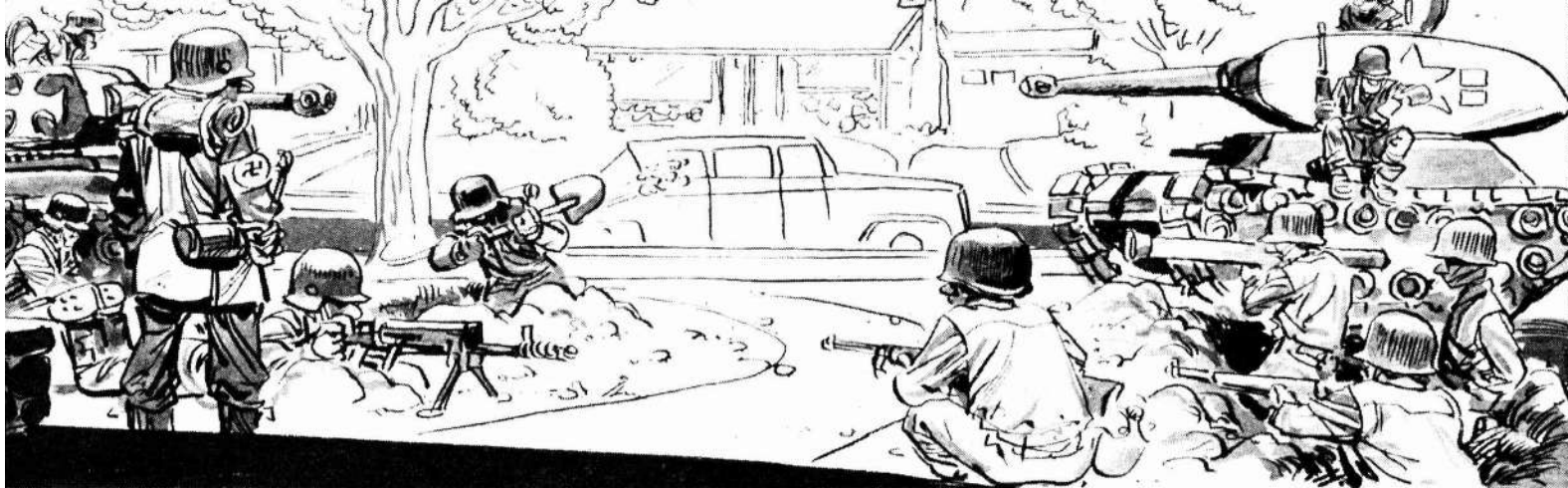


Cater Your Own Miracle

Any Miracle of Your Choice—From the Sermon on the Mount to the Parting of the Red Sea—Right in Your Backyard (front yard slightly higher)

For just a few measly dollars you can have an authentic miracle performed right on your premises. You don't even have to leave your easy chair as we bring the event right into your lap. In fact, instead of an audience with the Pope—we bring the Pope to you (slight extra charge on Sunday). **THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL:** The Creation of the World (a six-day minimum package) together with a surprise appearance by God.





CATER YOUR OWN WAR

WORLD WAR II STAGED RIGHT ON YOUR FRONT LAWN—COMPLETE WITH BATTALION OF GIs, TWO GERMAN PANZER DIVISIONS AND AN ITALIAN SPY (thrown in for laughs)

Yes, you'll be the talk of the neighborhood when you turn your front lawn into a no-man's land some Sunday afternoon. You can even participate in the battle (portable Howitzers and carbines supplied). Tell your grandchildren you did your part in the Second World War. Package includes land mines in your driveway, barbed wire on your porch and free burial service in case anything goes wrong.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Free Candy Bars and Cigarettes To Offer The Neighborhood Girls



CATER YOUR OWN EVIL SPIRITS

THE MOST HORRIBLE CREATURES EVER ASSEMBLED—BROUGHT TO YOUR FRONT DOORSTEP (slight extra charge if they come in thru the attic)

Yes, you can turn your house into a real haunted house overnight (prices slightly lower if you do it in the daytime). Package includes Purple People Eaters (for the pantry and kitchen); Little Green Men (for the den and foyer); and assorted Flying Saucers (for around your barbecue pit). As an extra added attraction we will simulate a Martian landing right in your yard (for a few dollars more you can get the real thing).

INQUIRE ABOUT OUR END-OF-THE-WORLD SPECIAL (before it's too late!)

PROFILE: JACKIE VERNON



"A Wet Bird Never Flies At Night!"

Jackie Vernon is the epitome of the so-called "shnook comedian." He plays the loser

—the downtrodden man—"the only person Dale Carnegie ever punched in the mouth!" Jackie comes by this image naturally—as he looks and acts the part. A short, sad-looking figure with a tremendous weight problem—"sometimes I have to let out the shower curtain"—Jackie struggled for 15 years in small clubs before Danny Kaye caught his act in San Francisco in 1954. It was Danny's encouragement that gave Jackie the moral support he needed to break through to the big time.

Today Jackie Vernon plays all the major night clubs in the country and is a frequent guest star on the prime-time TV variety shows. He has several comedy albums out, the most successful being "A Wet Bird Never Flies At Night." For a shnook and a loser, Jackie has done all right for himself. The following are several of his best lines which show why . . .



"I guess I'll always be a sucker . . ."—Count Dracula

—A SAMPLING OF JACKIE'S HUMOR—

- I came from a poor family. We used to get caré packages from Europe. At the age of 3 I was adopted by a Korean family.
- I was always unlucky. When I was a child my rocking horse died.
- My hometown, Ferguson, Ohio, is built on a one-way street. If you miss it, you have to go clear around the world to get back to it.
- The biggest day in Ferguson's history was when the tornado and hurricane struck at the same time and wiped out the town's main industry—the good luck charm factory.
- I used to be a weird guy. I'd do strange things. Like writing my zip-code in roman numerals. Or standing in breadlines and asking for French toast. Once I scotch-taped peanuts to my window pane, then watched the birds go crazy trying to pick them off.
- I used to have a great answering service. They felt sorry for me so they used to send me fake messages.
- How unlucky can you get? When I became old enough to drive, I traded my Dad's Kaiser-Frazer in on an Edsel. I tried to put a tiger in my tank, but it ate my muffler. The worst was when I was arrested in Times Square on New Year's Eve for loitering.
- I had some strange jobs in my time. I was once a night watchman in a day camp. I left that job to become social director on a tugboat.
- Of all the wise sayings I've ever heard I remember this one: Never spit in a man's face, unless his mustache is on fire!

Today computer dating is the rage. Most single people (and a lot of sneaky marrieds too) are turning to electronic machines for their mates (which is O.K. if you happen to like being married to an electronic machine). It usually works out fine but occasionally something goes wrong. Like with these celebrities who tried IBM dating and wound up with unlikely partners in this . . .

COMP

WHO ARE THESE COUPLES?

(see page 29)



"How come you never take me out to eat anymore?"—Betty Crocker

UTER MIS-MATCH

Idea by
FRED WOLFE

Art by
LUGOZE



"This morning I had a terrible accident walking through a bowling alley..."—Yul Brynner

A SICK HANGUP

KRIS KRINGLE

62 - 54 - 68

(without his body stocking on)

Ho, ho, ho...
and all that
rot!





Painted by JACK SPARLING

WEATHER:

Hot Air Coming In
From Washington
Followed by
Big Freeze

Sick Sick

Trust People Under 30

IN-SICK-NIFICANT



Fun City: A rookie cop was severely reprimanded for taking his duty too literally. When he heard that Mayor Lindsay wanted the police to "clean up" the streetwalkers, the shnook personally bathed about 18.

Los Angeles: This speed-crazy city is starting to have its effect on religion. We hear that one church has set up an "express" confessional—for people with eight sins or less.



SICKIE OF THE MONTH

A Washington ex-convict is claiming police harassment. Seems that years ago he shot and killed a top government figure—and now every time there's an assassination they drag him in for questioning.

Las Vegas: Friends of a noted celebrity fear that the former swinger may be growing old. They recently caught him throwing out a Playboy Calendar, merely because it was last year's.

Tennessee: A poor citizen made news here after refusing his kids a color TV set. What he did was give them a black-and-white set and a box of crayons.

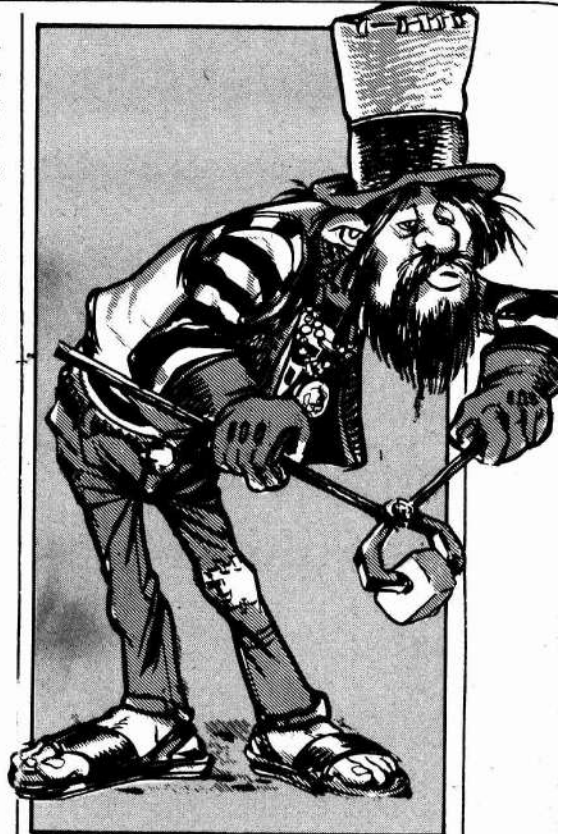
Haight-Ashbury: Sign in a local park: "Keep Off The Grass—It May Grow Up To Be A Good Smoke!"

Miami: Shades of Noah? It rained so hard and long in this resort area recently, that after a while the hotel guests started pairing off.

Latin America: A condemned prisoner escaped execution merely by insisting on a blindfold. It was for each member of the firing squad.

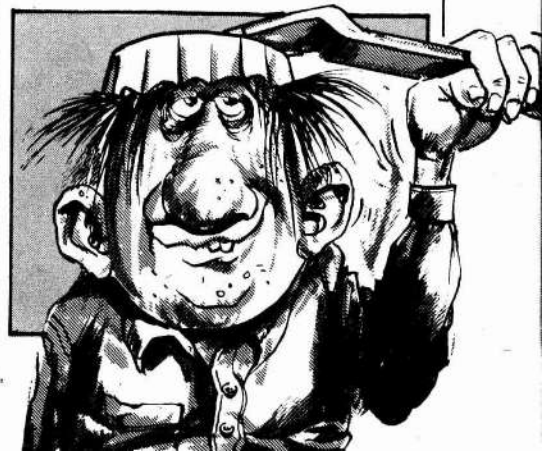


San Francisco: A local jet-setter figures that his marriage has started out on shaky ground. It seems his new bride took along "mad money" on their honeymoon.



Manhattan: The smog here is getting so bad that a couple of muggers in Central Park accidentally roughed up a statue.

Hogwash University: Science-In-The-News. Noted anthropologist, Dr. Seymour Ferd, has discovered a hitherto unknown area in Alaska where the natives use fish for money. Said the doctor: "The only bad part is—it gets a little sloppy around the slot machines."



World



ALL THE NEWS
THAT'S FILTH
TO PRINT

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE



"As a matter of fact, what-cham-a-callit will have many important duties!" — Richard Nixon

Denver: Education Note. A local schoolboard hired a Chinese schoolteacher who came up with a slightly different system. She gives her kids homework to "take out."

Cincinnati: A Women's Libber who was paying her husband alimony was sued by her spouse for non-support. So she sent him a truss.

Washington, D.C.: Although high government officials hotly deny any major cuts in defense spending, the latest poop from the Pentagon states they are removing all intercontinental missiles and replacing them with long-range slingshots.

Atlantic City: A lifeguard was recently fired for giving two shapely young women mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. This was before they went into the water.

Downtown Burbank: A famous actor claims that he was so poor as a kid that, when he had a birthday, his parents used to show him a picture of a cake.

Doctors' Hospital: Talk about ingratitude. A plastic surgeon is being sued for malpractice, after performing an operation in which he grafted a perfect 36 breast onto one of his patients. Said the doctor: "Some guys are never satisfied!"

Louisiana: A dum-dum student flunked out of a school for short-order cooks when he was asked how to steam clams and replied: "Make fun of their religion!"

Utah: Some-Guys-Never-Learn Dep't. An obscene phone caller was arrested and allowed to make one phone call. So he called up a female lawyer—and breathed heavily into the phone.

Pennsylvania: A local department store refused to hire a World War II veteran as a nightwatchman because of his references. Seems this guy was formerly a lookout at Pearl Harbor.

New Jersey: They say that Ralph Nader has come up with the perfect plan to cut down on auto pollution: "Don't allow any car on the road until it's fully paid for!"

Greenwich Village: A very "gay" weaver has set up shop here and calls himself "Fruit Of The Loom."

The White House: Some wag has stated that if they ever raise first-class postage to ten cents, they ought to put a picture of Jesse James on the stamp.

Jamaica: After taking a gander at all the gorgeous "Bunnies" at a Playboy Club, a teen-ager told his father he wanted to become the house veterinarian.

Amalgamated Press: Pollution Note. Talk about smog, one city's air is reportedly so dirty, a local ice-cream company sells six different shades of vanilla.

Hollywood: Dean Martin recently revealed to an interviewer that at an early age he decided to take up the piano. This was because his glass kept sliding off his violin.

Broadway: A not-too-bright actress who got deathly ill from eating a dozen soft-shelled clams was advised by her doctor: "Next time take them out of the shells!"



ANSWERS TO
COMPUTER MIS-MATCH
see page 24

TOP ROW: John Wayne & Joan Baez; Hugh Hefner & Betty Friedan; Woody Allen & Cass Elliot; J. Edgar Hoover & Jane Fonda. **BOTTOM ROW:** Abbie Hoffman & Martha Mitchell; Angela Davis & Lester Maddox; Joe Namath & Phyllis Diller; Sophia Loren & What's-His-Name.

Almost everybody receives an unceasing amount of junk mail. This mail always consists of offers to sell you something. You often receive the same letter repeatedly soliciting for the same product or service. Unfortunately, there is no way to stop them as a faceless army of computers do all the work. However, we've come up with an idea. All you have to do is send complimentary letters asking for more. We guarantee that this will so stun the computer that it'll blow a fuse. And so, here's a few suggestions for...

Wall Street Tipsters, Inc.
1 Shady Street, N.Y.

My Dear Sir:

Thanks for your 894 timely letters letting me know of the marvelous riches awaiting me if I act now. Well, right now it's very cold in my apartment because I didn't pay the rent. So guess what? I've got an indoor fireplace and I want to tell you that your letters burn beautifully. Please send me a double dosage of your "hot" items.

Smokefully Yours,

Home Study University
Gnome, Alaska

Dear Sir:

Your program of studies that will lead me on the road to a fantastic career earning upwards of upwards of what everybody else is earning is entirely believable. However, I've learned so much reading your 8,632 sample lessons and letters that I wonder just how much smarter or richer I can become. Perhaps another 100,000 of your mailings will help me find out.

Studyfully Yours,

Ajax Mail-Order House
Ajax, Penn.

Dear Mr. Ajax:

Your mail offers to sell whatever-it-is-you-sell are probably great. Lately though, I've been too busy to read them. You see, I'm papering the 28 walls of our new commune farmhouse with your letters and I can barely keep up. So please keep those cards and letters coming in.

Paperfully Yours,

Persistent Publications Inc.
Box 1112
Garden City, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Your magazine subscription offers are outstanding. If ever I want to read trash I'll keep you in mind. Meanwhile, my three year old daughter loves to play with the nifty cards we get in a big package every few days. She's already accumulated 4,895 in just two weeks. Please continue sending them as she is aiming for 50,000 in one month.

Cardfully Yours,

"You guys really kill me!" - Julius Caesar

SICK LETTERS TO END JUNK MAIL!

Written by DAVID MALEH

Patriotic Accident and
Casualty Co.
Hole-In-Wall, Kansas

Dear Patriots:

Thank you for your 357
letters this past month asking
me to buy accident and health
insurance. I look forward
gleefully to your every letter
as I have a new puppy that I'm
paper training and every litter
bit helps.

Puppyfully Yours,

Ninth Heaven Travel Tours
Oshkosh, Idaho

Dear Sir:

I guess you know that I love to
travel. Last year I went on 931 trips
which is the exact number of tour
suggestions you mailed to me. Someday
I may even leave my house and go
on one of your trips. Hang in there,
baby!

Tripfully Yours,

Success-Success-Success Inc.
Box 000
Denver, Colorado

Sir:

You've succeeded very well so please
keep sending me more introductory
letters about your offer. I despise my
mailman and he hates delivering to me,
and you're succeeding in driving him
insane. Keep it coming thick and heavy
and maybe in three tons or so, my
lousy mailman will end up in a human
junk pile.

Successfully Yours,

Occult Book Co.
Strange City, New Jersey

Dear Sir or Madam:

Your amazing powers are working
for me. My spouse opens all my mail
and thinks you're my secret lover. Thus,
I'm lavished with attention to keep me
happy. I can never buy your books
because that would be the end of your
letters. But if you wish to charge me
for the letters send me your bulk rate
schedule.

Hypnotically Yours,

New Clothes Co.
Old City, Georgia

Dear Sir:

Your beautifully illustrated
brochures that arrive every day are
marvelous. I receive thousands of
pieces of these mail solicitations,
but yours are particularly welcome
for a unique reason. I'm a weight-
lifter and the heaviness of your
catalogues helps to build me up.
Again, thanks loads for the tons
you've sent. Keep it flowing and in
another few months I'll be ready
for the Mr. America contest.

Weightfully Yours, 31

Once again we've asked FRED WOLFE, our staff poet-philosopher, to come up with some epic poetry on the contemporary scene. And once again he brought in a masterpiece. However, this masterpiece was by William Shakespeare—so we had him bring it back, and write something original. He obliged with these epic-making, never-before-seen, still-unpaid-for...

CONTEMPORARY LIMERICKS

by FRED WOLFE (as told to his psychiatrist)

Our top "G-Man" gave Congress a scare.
Tapping phones of some Senators there.
Yet I don't have a doubt
If they vote Nixon out
Then J. Ed. better try "Dial-A-Prayer."

Ralphie Nader's been making the news.
People want him for Prez, if he'd choose.
What if Congress got stalled?
Would Ralph have them "re-called?"
And then tighten up all their loose screws?

Now the "Gay Liberation" wants power.
Peter Pan as the man of the hour.
Yes, if they had their wish
All our armies would swish.
With the pansy our national flower.

U.S. Indians are the new scene.
We're now sorry we treated them mean.
Let's make our President
Get John Wayne to repent.
And that, like, should wipe the slate clean.

Having babies the old-fashioned way
May be on the way out, sad to say.
Babies will be "pre-fab,"
Made for you in a lab.
Does the test-tube get gifts Mother's Day?

Commune living is sweeping our shores.
Grab a chick for the night and she's yours.
But, I don't call that living.
Have one wife? Give thanksgiving.
Who can take eighteen mother-in-laws?

Welcome to old polluted New York.
Auto fumes make heads bob like a cork.
And the river's so thick.
Garbage, slop and oil slick,
That the fish never swim, they all walk.

Nowadays all the "X-Rated" pics
Are real big in the cities and "sticks."
But that vogue would soon pass
If they'd show Mama Cass
In the nude—Man, that should do the trick!

Burning bras is a popular sport.
To be free *everywhere* is what's taught.
Wives who do this are dead.
They'll lose all that free "bread"
If they try to sue for non-support.

Population Explosion's a mess.
Some groups curse what they once used to bless.
Yet, when she starts to strip
Should you sit there and flip?
Or suggest playing checkers or chess?

The religion kick's real out of sight.
Teen-age kids are now seeing the light.
A Revival is "in,"
They put down every sin.
That's if you don't count Saturday night.

Tried "Encounter Group Therapy," Jane?
Touching others to straighten your brain.
Save your dough! Buy a dress!
Want strange hugs or caress?
Take a crowded rush-hour subway train.

"Do you have to make a Federal case out of it?"—Jimmy Hoffa

Continued on Next Page

Ghetto landlords are seeing the light.
Tho their buildings are still quite a sight.
With their gold they won't part,
But to show they've got heart
Change the roaches and rats every night.

Campus radicals have lots of brass.
Yes, the "fuzz" and the "pigs" they harass.
One chap really lost face.
Was thrown out in disgrace.
When they caught the kid going to class.

Con Ed's image has gone slightly sour.
Conned the public to buy by the hour.
You're the chumps. They're the champs.
"Get four toasters! Eight lamps!"
Then they tell you that they're short of power.

Swapping wives is a whole brand new bag.
Parties swing, that were once a big drag.
One guy brought nowhere bait.
To get rid of *his* mate
Had to throw in his car with the hag.

Truth-In-Packaging laws everywhere.
Manufacturers all cry: "Unfair!"
Now you'll get a fair shake.

No more one sad cornflake.
With the rest of the box filled with air.

A "trial marriage" is all the big rage.
"Where it's at" in Aquarius Age.
But, there's only one hitch.
If that scene makes you itch
You'll be *tried*, if the chick's under-age.

There's a drive on to legalize "pot."
Yes, this issue's politically hot.
For the young vote, alas,
Candidates might smoke "grass."
Laws won't pass but they'll laugh quite a lot.

"Unisex" advocates must be blind.
Man, they've got to be out of their mind.
What a horrible fate
When you're out on a date
And you find you're *both* one of a kind.

Man, inflation can be a bad trip.
It's a bummer, the mind can just flip.
Can you picture a cab
Where the driver will crab:
"Half a million? Boy, what a *stiff* tip!"



When someone says "Gypsy" to you, what comes to your mind? No, not strip-teasing, you clod! The "Gypsy" we mean is the one you associate with tambourine playing, mind reading and running a chain of empty stores. Since gypsies are an international phenomenon, we decided to investigate them to see if all those associations are true. And so we now take...

A SICK LOOK AT GYPSIES

Script by JOE CATALANO Art by TONY TALLARICO

When you hear the word "Gypsy" certain images usually run through your mind, to wit:

GYPSIES RUN PHONY BUSINESSES

Oh, don't forget your free discount coupon worth \$500 on your next purchase of the Brooklyn Bridge!

MEOW! MA-MA!

GENUINE MINK

GYPSIES ARE PHONY MEDIUMS

If the spirit of Sadie Shultz' mother is in this room blow down the little paper doll...

GYPSY WAGONS CAUSE TRAFFIC JAMS

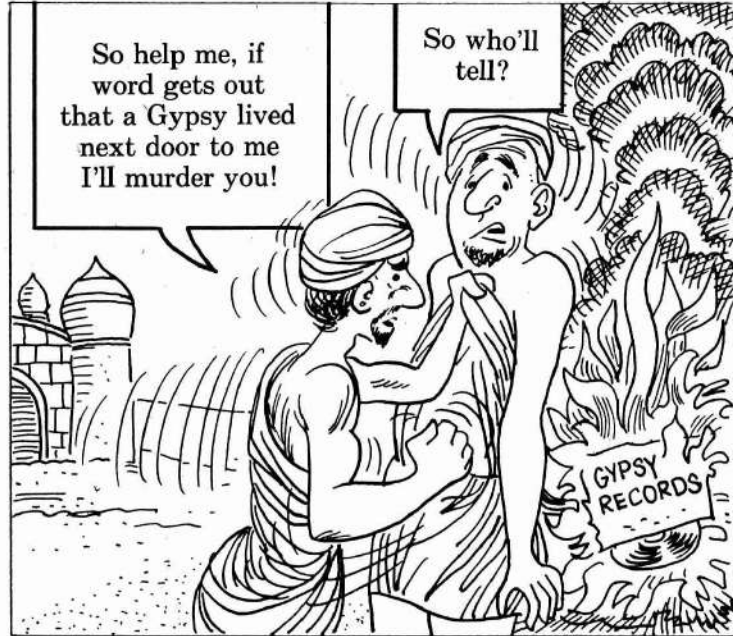
Stop tooting!
I only got a two horse-power chassis!

GYPSY FAMILIES RUIN NEIGHBORHOODS

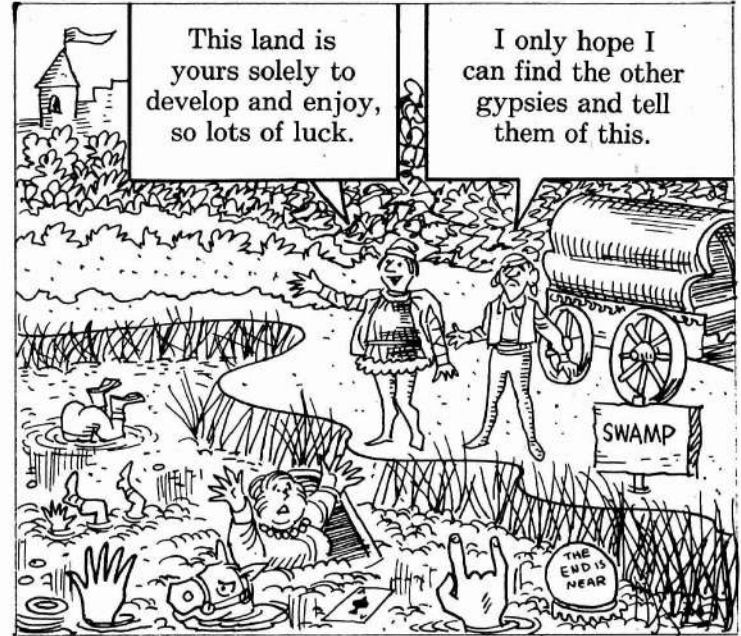
With those new gypsy neighbors, Sam, we're lucky if we get anything for our home!

Well, you wouldn't think of the Gypsy that way if you knew of his long and proud history:

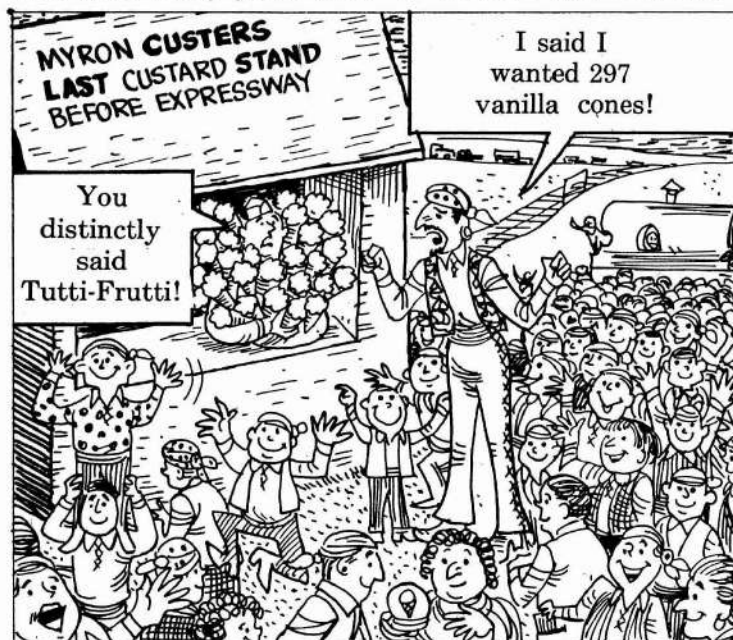
Although there is no official record of the Gypsy originating in India, this is where he is believed to have come from. Where the official records have gone is also a mystery...



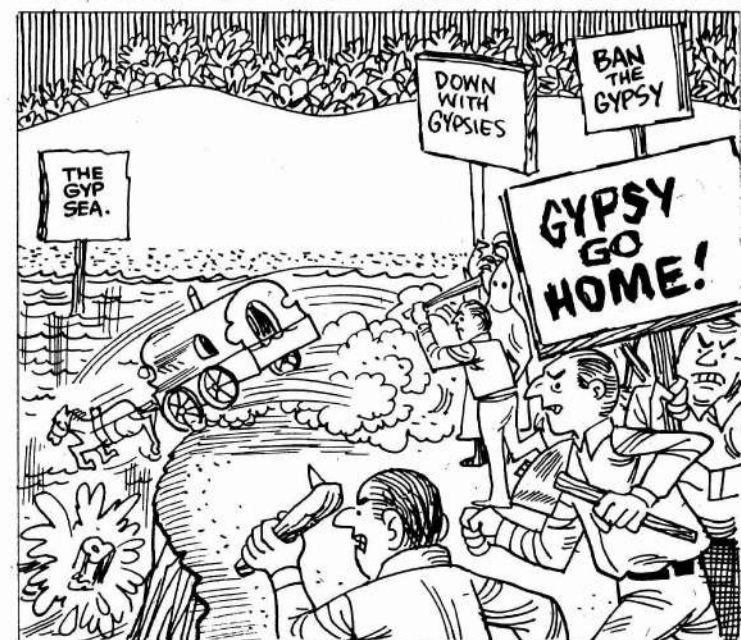
However, we do know that in the 15th Century the gypsies moved to Europe where the population there tried to resettle them. Here they were given their own carefully selected land...



Unhappy with their new land, the famous Gypsy Wars began. Perhaps the most famous Gypsy battle of all was held many years later at Custer's Last Stand...



It is not known exactly when the gypsies migrated to America. However, it is believed to have not been the result of planning but a spur-of-the-moment decision...

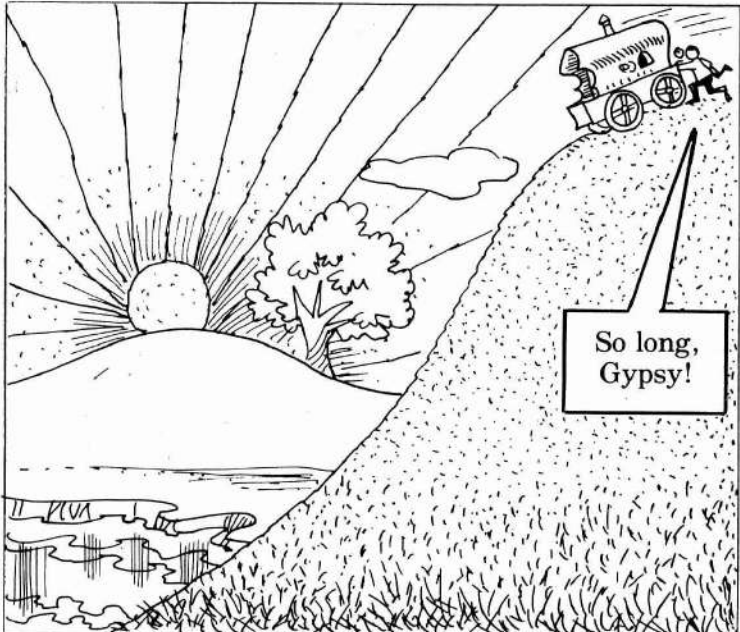


QUESTION: Why do very few gypsies ever commit suicide?

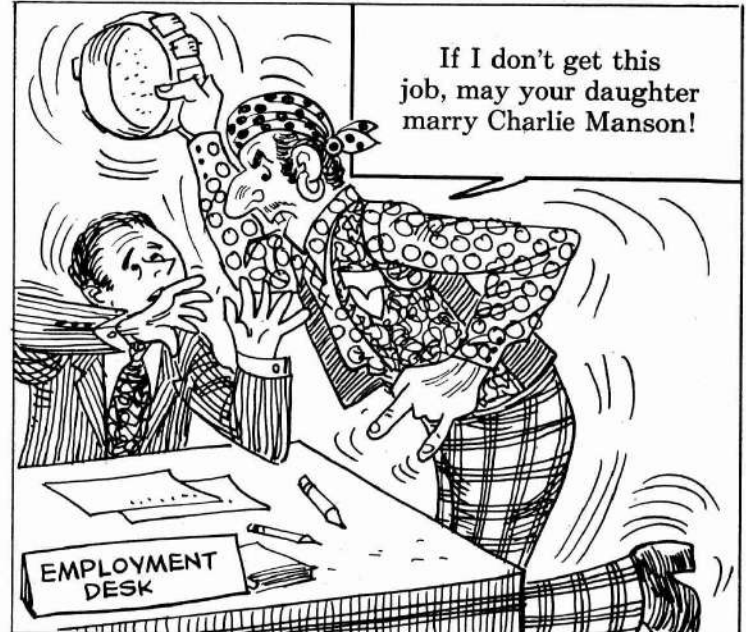
ANSWER: It's hard to kill yourself jumping out a basement window!

Now, after this long and proud history, what have the gypsies got today? Nothing! They're the most abused minority group on the face of the earth, even worse than the blacks are...

Blacks have their slums and ghettos and throwing them out of a city takes a long time. To get rid of a Gypsy however, all one needs is a hill...



Blacks have the NAACP, CORE and other groups to defend them from any trouble. The only defense a Gypsy has however, is his tambourine and a curse...



Now, you may ask: What is a Gypsy curse?" Well, it is without a doubt the most powerful weapon a Gypsy has. The curse is usually said in anger, when the Gypsy is harassed. Like for example...

"May your tongue dry up the next time you go to lick an envelope!"



"May your best girl friend catch you with your finger in your nose!"



QUESTION: How does a census taker count the gypsies on a block?
ANSWER: He throws a quarter in the middle of the street!

One of the more popular ways of meeting your mate today is the Singles Weekend. This usually takes place at a large resort hotel where hundreds of singles gather for the weekend to mingle with the opposite sex. So naturally, this got us to thinking. Not about sex, but about what it would be like if they had . . .

CAVEMAN DAYS



For A Real Swinging
Singles Weekend Come To The
Labor Day **CONCAVE**

*And Meet The Neanderthal
Man Of Your Dreams!*

Guys: meet your mate here and drag her home with you! Girls: find your hairy-chested partner (then bring her here with you to find guys!). Remember —1800 single people showed up at our last shindig. Which was pretty wild, seeing it was in a 6x6 cave. So if you have an ax to grind and want to meet the new breed, make your reservation today. Rooms with private waterfall available. Formal leopard skin attire a must (check clubs at entrance of cave). Dinosaur Cards welcome.

*Drag Yourself Down
And Find The Club-Swinger
Of Your Dreams!*

SINGLE MUMMIES AND DADDIES SPECIAL at the **PYRAMID HILTON** KING TUT'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND

Unravel your mate in our famous Mausoleum Room. Participate in the new Get-Acquainted Game: PHAROAH SEZ. Thrill to entertainment nightly by the Mummies And The Poppies. Go for a free midnight barge ride down the Nile. Reserve now for the Locust Season (when rates are cheaper). Special accommodations during the first three plagues. So take the wraps off all that dead weight and come on down!



Script by
DAVID
MALEH

Art by
JOHN
LANGTON

SINGLES WEEKENDS THROUGHOUT HISTORY



**CALLING ALL SINGLES
AGES XVIII TO XXXV!**

SHERATON- COLASSUS

Get addresses and phone numbers in Roman Numerals and call them in the city (in pig-latin). Mix 'n' mingle in our fabulous new Nero Room—the Hot Spot of the Empire (Formal Tie and Toga only). Continuous entertainment by The Christians and The Lions. Free tickets to the Orgy on Saturday night. Your hosts: D. Kline & Fall.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Free Slave To First 500 Girls Who Check In!

"Hold still, honey, it won't be long now!"—Dellah

A HUNDRED MINUTEMEN TO EVERY GIRL!

THE COOL SPOT TO SWING IN VALLEY FORGE ADULT RETREAT

yes, come on down and meet your mate in the independence spirit that prevails. activities 24-hours a day, including: cherry-tree chopping (where you cannot tell a lie); a romantic moonlight crossing of the delaware (where you throw money overboard); and a boston tea party (where you throw the bag you're with overboard). music by the original paul revere & the raiders. reserve for washington's birthday.

**for all
puritanical singles over 28
(or those not so puritanical
under 28)**



Tired of failing your exams all the time? Find them too difficult for you? Well, here's one exam you can't fail. Not unless you really cheat hard, that is. Mainly because it's . . .

THE WORLD'S EASIEST EXAM*

as devised by PROFESSOR ROBERT HEIT
(former SICK writer, now unemployed)

MULTIPLE CHOICE

(circle the correct answer)

- The early bird catches the:
A. Dinosaur B. Worm C. Cold
- A stitch in time saves:
A. 5,783 B. 47,592,729 C. Nine
- Never change horses in the middle of the:
A. Sewer B. Stream C. Pacific Ocean
- A rolling stone gathers no:
A. Beatles B. Moss C. Hippies
- You can't teach an old dog new:
A. Tricks B. Barks C. York
- Where there's a will there's a:
A. Relative B. Way C. Won't
- Two's company, three's a:
A. Crowd B. Mob C. Rock group
- A fool and his money are soon:
A. Parted B. Potted C. Pot-head

TRUE OR FALSE

(please check on appropriate line)

- | | | |
|---|------|-------|
| 1. Abraham Lincoln was an admiral in the Swiss Navy. | True | False |
| 2. Christopher Columbus was wrong in thinking that the earth was round. | True | False |
| 3. "FALSE" is spelled "F" "A" "W" "L" "S". | True | False |
| 4. "TRUE" is spelled with two "U"s. | True | False |

MEANING COMPREHENSION

Read this poem carefully then answer the questions below:

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after

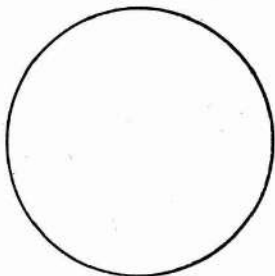
- Who are the two main characters?

- Where did they go and what did they fetch?

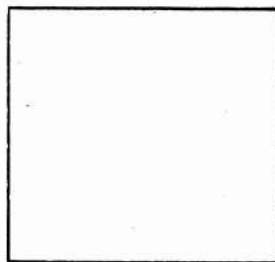
- Who fell down first? _____
- Who came tumbling after? _____
- What other question can you think of?

IDENTIFY THESE SHAPES

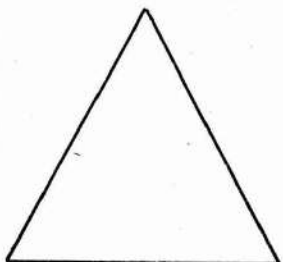
(check appropriate description)



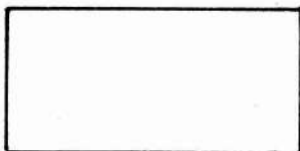
1. a circle
2. a Siberian musk-ox
3. an artificial pancreas



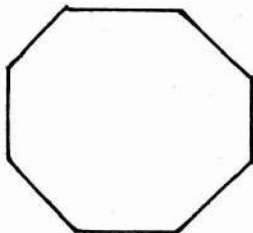
1. a cumquat
2. a cheese blintz
3. a square



1. a zeppelin
2. a triangle
3. a tangerine pit



1. a cake of halvah
2. a cockamamie
3. a rectangle



1. a truss
2. a spittoon
3. an octagon

SENTENCE COMPLETION

(fill in the correct words)

1. _____ is buried in Grant's Tomb.
2. The George Washington Bridge is named after _____.
3. The Spanish-American War was fought between _____ and _____.
4. "Crazy Legs" Hirsch is so named because of his funny-looking _____.
5. A hole-in-one takes _____ swing of the club.
6. The Boston Tea Party took place in the city of _____.
7. A diesel-fuel engine runs on _____.
8. A magazine that is really sick is named _____.

FILL IN THE MISSING LETTER

1. Dolly Madison was the wife of President James _____adison.
2. Thomas Edison invented the electric light _____ulb.
3. The American flag consists of stars and _____tripes.
4. Robert Fulton invented the _____ teamboat.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

(Study it carefully, then tell what's wrong below)



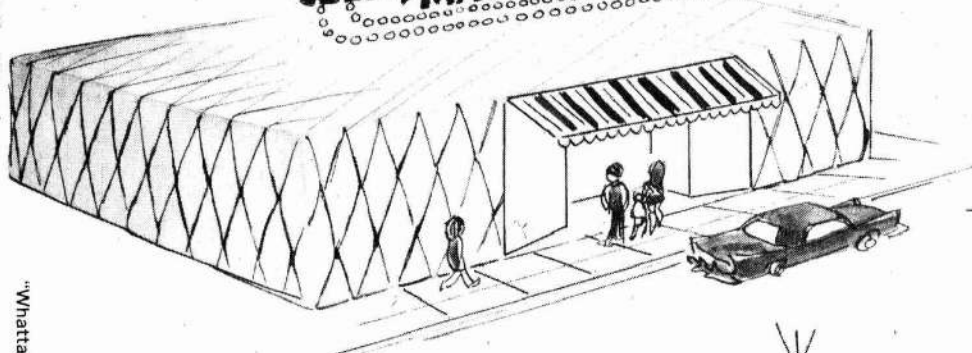
ANSWER: _____

(if more space is needed use your head)

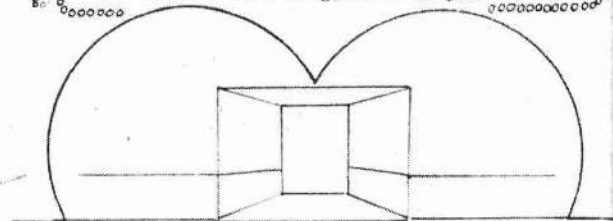
Franchises have become an institution in this country, especially those with celebrity names attached. Recent successes have been Roy Rogers Western-Style Food, Mickey Mantle Country Cooking and the soon-to-be Jerry Lewis Theatres. We figure that other celebrities will soon lend their names to this lucrative market. And so, jumping the gun, we've come up with a few...

IDEAS FOR OTHER CEL

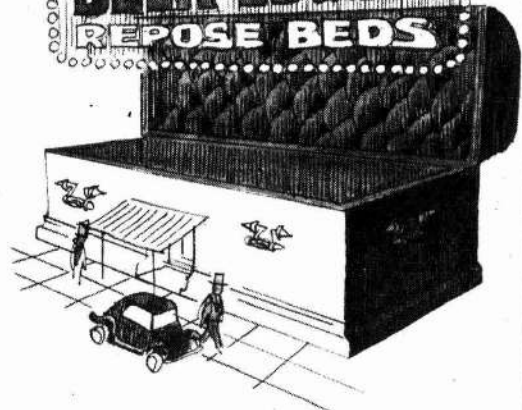
JOE NAMATH
MATTRESS MART



RAQUEL WELCH
BRA SHOPPE



BELA LUGOSI
REPOSE BEDS



ABBIE HOFFMAN
HAIR STYLISTS



JANE FONDA
INDIAN SUPPLIES

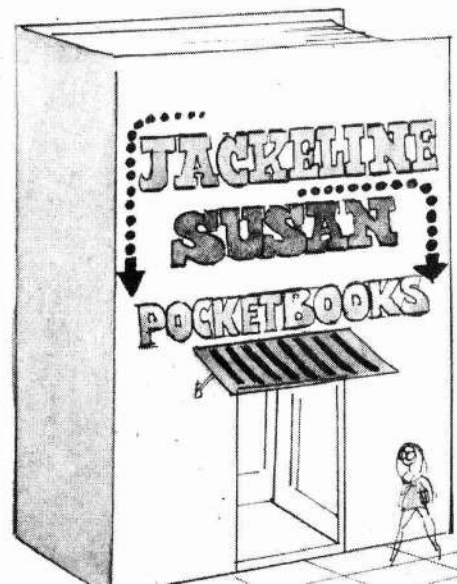


TONY OM

SHOPPING BAGS

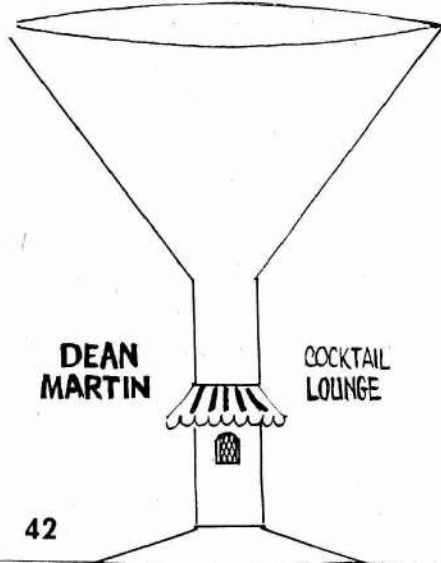


JACKELINE SUSAN
POCKETBOOKS



DEAN MARTIN

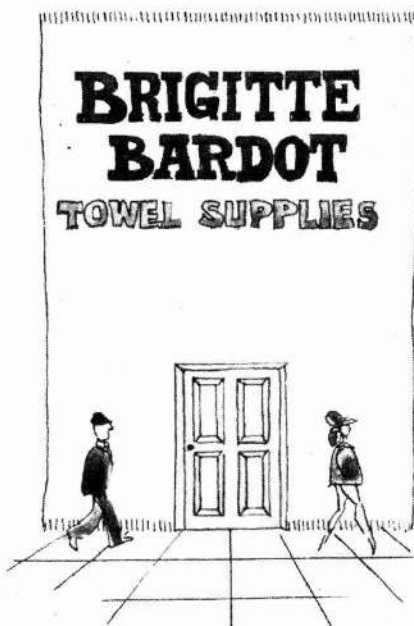
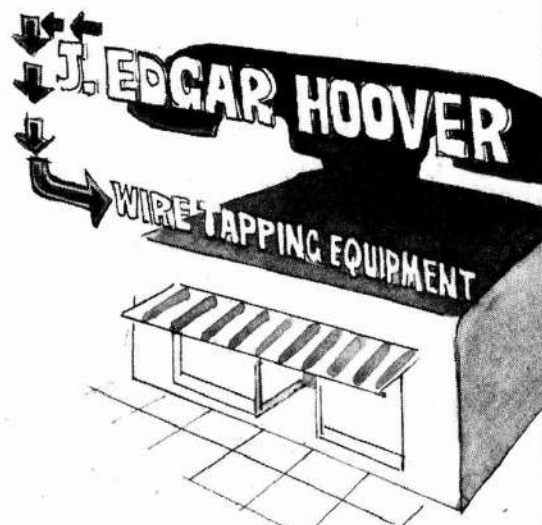
COCKTAIL LOUNGE



"Whattaya mean you presume? Who else could I be, idiot!" — Dr. Livingstone

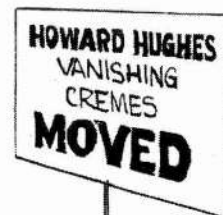
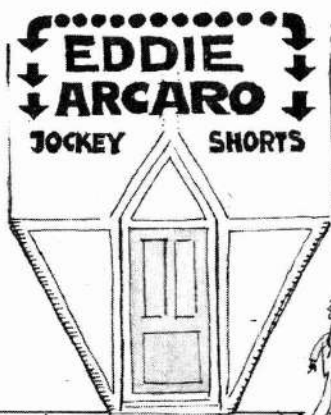
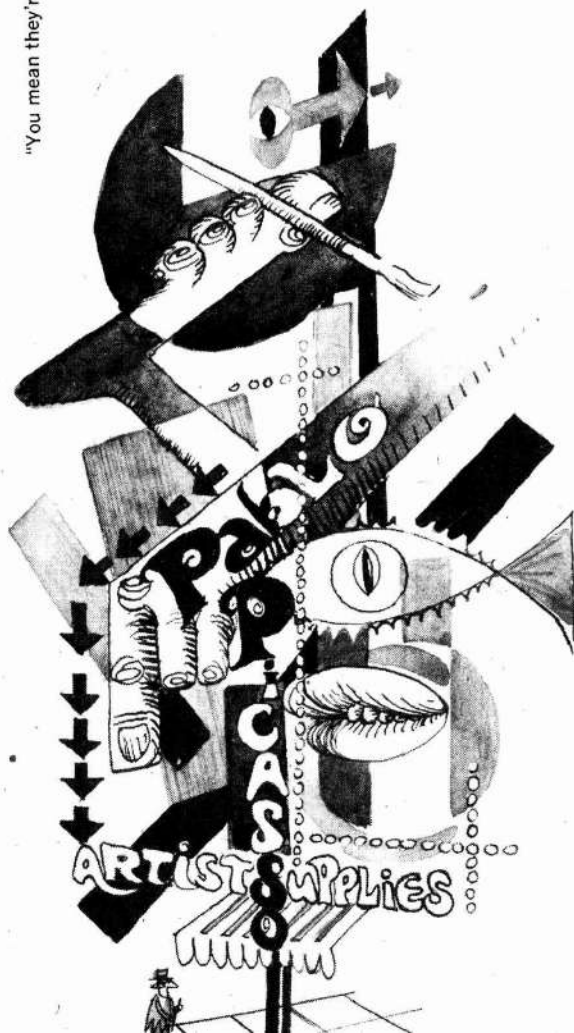
EBRITY FRANCHISES...

"You mean they're free? Alright, so I'll take ten!" — Moses



Script by ERNEST WERNER

Art by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



SICK'S

TABLE OF MEASURES FOR MODERN TIMES



by
GREGG AXELROD

"I always wanted to see the top of the Empire State Building but not now!"—Fay Wray

LENGTH MEASURES

12 inches=1 ruler
6 feet=1 grave
3 yards=1 headstart
2 rods=1 hanging curtain
20 miles=1 Army hike

AREA MEASURES

2 knots=1 tangled shoelace
1 furlong=1 3-day pass
2 leagues=1 World Series
2 fathoms=1 wading pool
4 chains=1 winterized car
2 links=1 complete piece
4 hands=1 bridge game
2 spans=16 piano notes
10 acres=1 squatter



"Man, what a bunch of amateurs!"—Ted Mack

LIQUID MEASURES

1 dram=1 curse word
2 pints=1 drunk
4 quarts=8 D.T.'s
12 gallons=1 road mile
1 liter=1 sloppy street
10 pecks=1 hickey
4 bushels=800 apples
2 barrels=1 shotgun

WEIGHT MEASURES

2 ounces=1 fix
3 pounds=1 black eye
4 hundredweights=1 hernia
5 tons=1 cave-in

TIME MEASURES

2 seconds=1 duel
3 minutes=1 soft-boiled egg
4 hours=1 Humphrey speech
30 days=1 jail sentence
2 weeks=1 vacation
9 months=1 delivery
13 years=1 Bar-Mitzvah

This is really a rough picture. It has everything in it—sex, violence, murder, mayhem. And this is just during the opening credits—the rest of the picture is even wilder! In fact, this movie is so perverse and so degenerate that a gang rape is used in the middle for comedy relief. This is the only movie ever reviewed in a Tillie & Mac Book. The Daily News gave it 4-Hickies. What can you say about a picture that was banned in Times Square as indecent? But enough with the words—and onto the action—as SICK brings you its review of . . .

KLUTE

A **SICK** MOVIE REVIEW

by
FRED WOLFE
The Film Flam Man

He was a man
consumed with passion . . .
consumed with justice . . .
consumed with life . . .
one of the most
consumptive men of
our time!



If I'm the
detective star,
how come Jane Fonda
steals the
picture?

WARNING!

This review is not for weak stomachs. It is only for weak minds. If you shock easily, skip this review. If you don't shock easily, try sticking your head in a wet electrical socket. We are in no way responsible for corrupting anybody's mind with the material in this review. We are responsible however, for corrupting your mind with the material in the rest of the magazine. So read on, dear reader, at your own risk . . .

We're
in a
motel
on our
wedding
night . . .
whattaya
mean
'not
here'?



John Klute is a small town detective sent to the big city by a neighbor's wife to find her husband who disappeared over two years ago while walking the dog. And now she wants him back—the dog, that is. She's already making it big with the local milkman.

The big city is New York. And Donald Sutherland, who plays Klute, and was such a smash in *M*A*S*H*, manages to get smashed *and* mashed—by the criminal element here. Not while he's on the job—while he's just taking a stroll through Central Park. What's more, he almost gets strangled to death. Poor guy, nobody told him not to breathe the air!

The only lead to the missing neighbor, a man named Grunemann, is Bree Daniel, played by Jane Fonda—who also plays with any man in sight, for pay. Neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor sleet stops Bree from making her rounds. She's one girl who really delivers! And Klute is so square that when Jane reveals she's a call girl, he

thinks she's connected with Bell Telephone. When he learns the truth however, detective Klute pinches her. No, he doesn't arrest her—he just pinches her. This causes Jane Fonda to get fonder and fonder of the man—even though he isn't an Indian.

It seems that the missing man was one of Bree's former customers, only she doesn't remember him. However, this isn't strange since for the past year she has limited herself to the men listed in the Manhattan phone directory. Feeling that Grunemann, who has vanished without a trace, has met with some form of foul play, Klute grows suspicious of Bree's obscene phone caller. This guy keeps bugging the poor broad by calling her all the time and breathing heavily into the phone. What really bugs Bree is that his guy is a heavy garlic eater. Not only that, this obscene caller has the gall to reverse the charges!

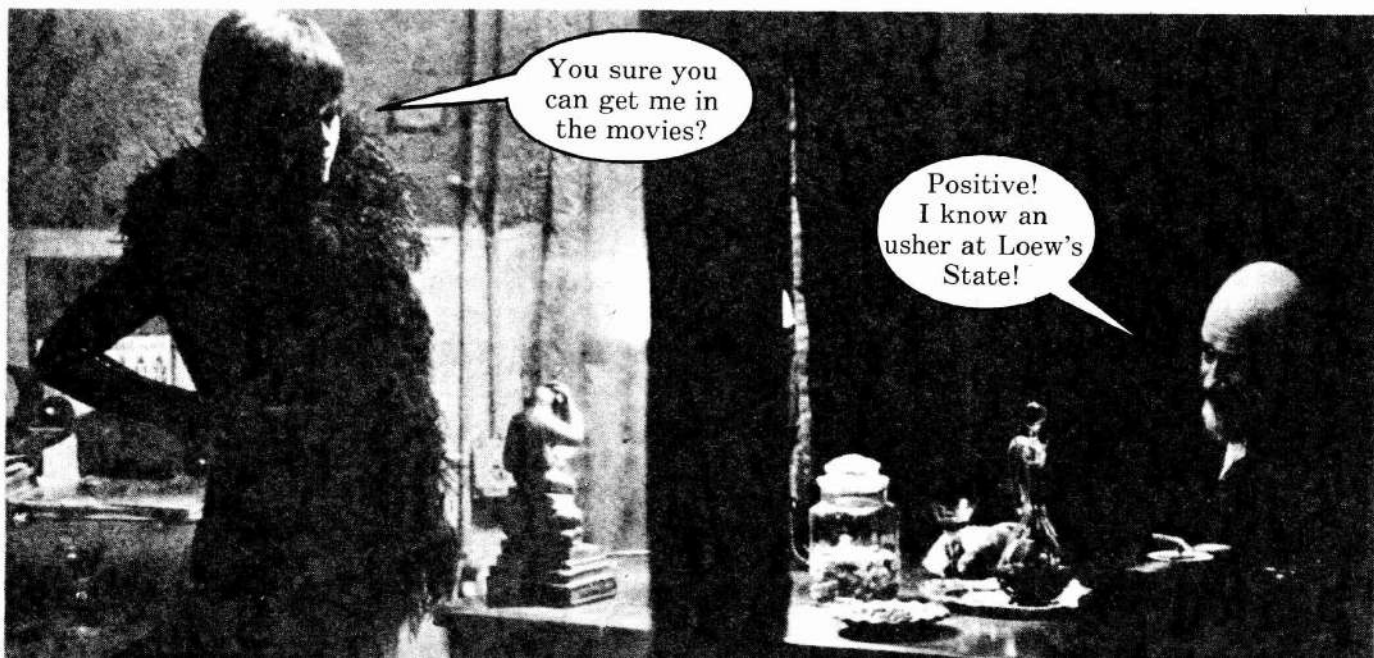
Klute, who is short on clues, seeks the help of the New York police, who are too busy seeking the help of the New Jersey Police—to protect *them*—to bother with Donald. To make matters worse, Donald almost gets arrested by the Vice Squad when he asks the desk sergeant for some “fruit”—not realizing he's in a Greenwich Village Precinct. In sheer desperation Klute tries a couple of Swinging Singles' Bars, but only succeeds in getting a couple of singles to take a swing at him.

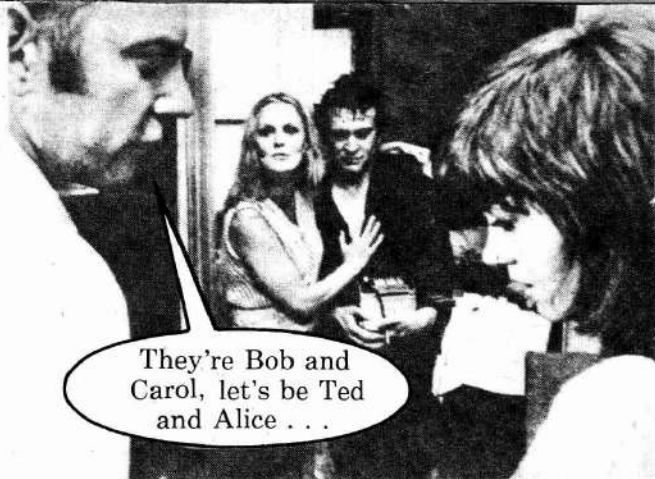
One night Bree reveals to Klute (among other things) that the guy he is looking for might be the weirdo who has sent her some pretty racy letters. Upon examining all

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?"—Jacqueline Onassis

You sure you
can get me in
the movies?

Positive!
I know an
usher at Loew's
State!

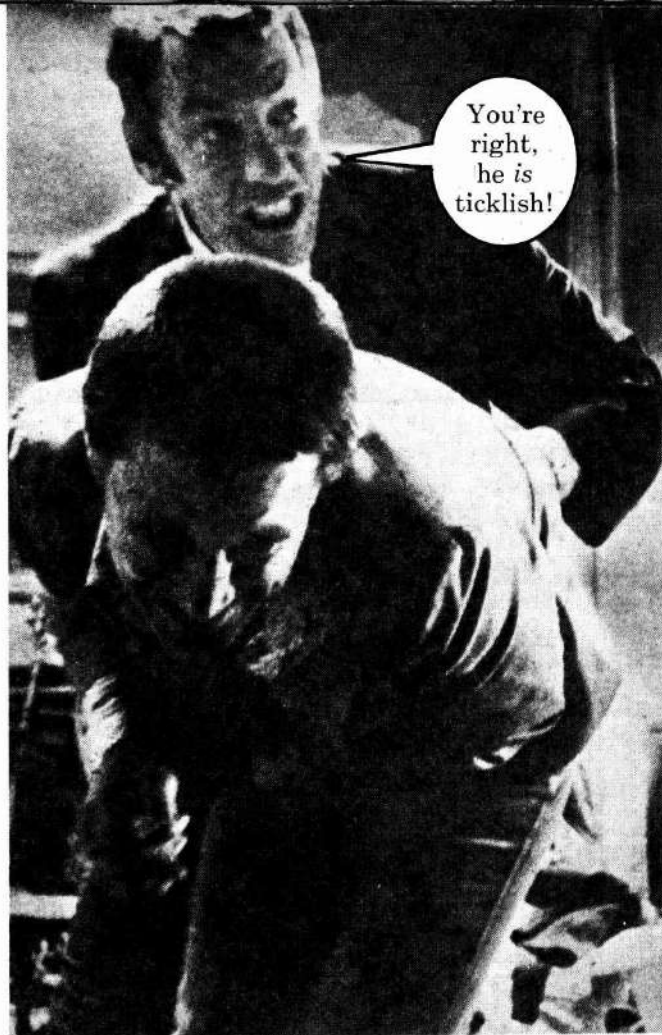




that hot stuff, Klute makes a big decision. Namely, he'll publish it as a pornographic book and split the profits with Bree. He's even got a great title—"Son Of The Love Machine."

While all this is going on, Bree is trying to get out of the racket she's in and become an actress. To Bree it's her only chance to get back on her feet—a position she hasn't been in for years. However, since all the broads on Broadway are doing the nude bit, girls like Bree are a dame a dozen. She can't get a bit part for love or money. And don't think she doesn't try both.

Hung up about her failure to make it in show biz, Jane goes to a female psychiatrist—a kind of Friedan Freud. And so, once more we find Bree lying down on a couch—only this time, *she* pays. The lady doctor informs her that she's falling in love—which Bree hotly denies—as she doesn't dig this doctor at all. However, her analyst soon explains it's Klute that's cute. Jane doesn't



dig this idea either, as falling in love for free puts a serious dent in her income.

One evening, Klute and Bree return to her apartment and find the place in a shambles: floors torn, ceiling cracked, windows broken, toilet-bowl stuffed. At first, Klute thinks it's the work of a fiend or a degenerate, but Bree assures him that this is the usual condition of an apartment in Fun City. After slipping the landlord a *slight* increase of 150 percent on her rent her apartment is soon returned to ship-shape, or more appropriate—like a leaky submarine.

As things turn out, the obscene phone caller is revealed to be Tom Grunemann's murderer. Furthermore, he's the same guy who hired Klute in the first place, thinking the detective was too much of a klutz to even find King Kong in a telephone booth. And so, as a contingent of Women's Libbers hiss in the audience, Klute asks Bree to marry him and give up her "career." She agrees and they live happily ever after. Not on his cop's salary—but because Bree continues her profitable work "swinging" in the suburbs!

END



News



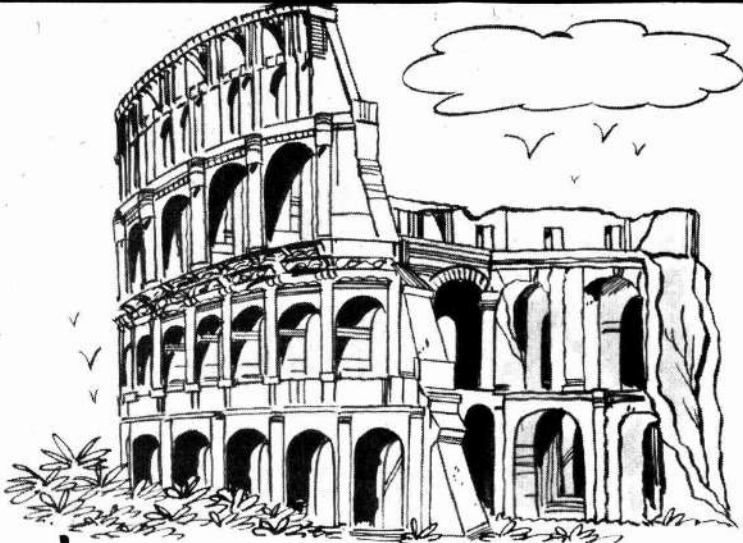


Briefs



"From now on, no more theatre parties..." — Mrs. Abraham Lincoln

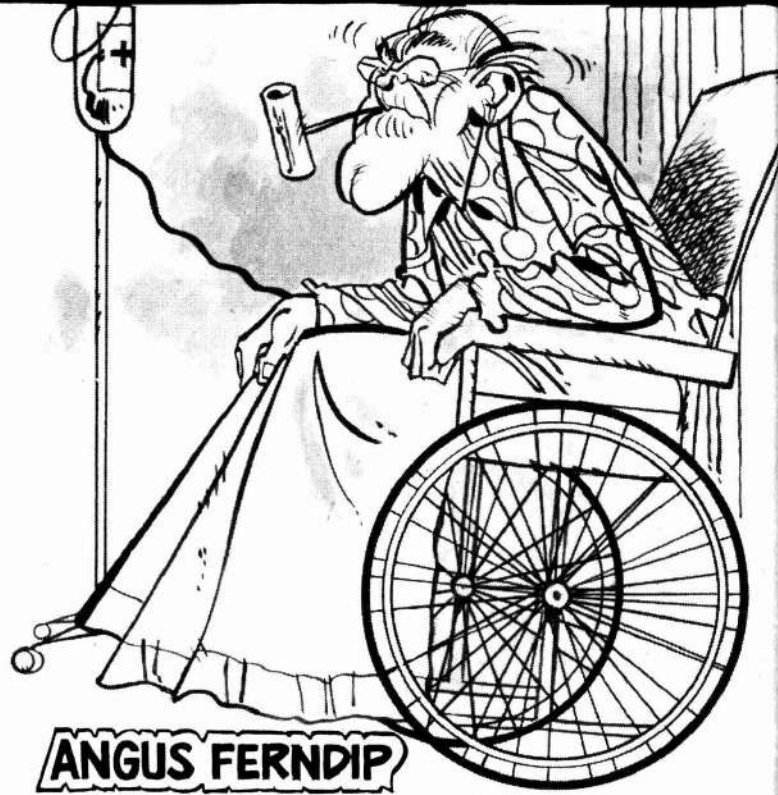
SICK as it seems... *by LANGTON*



THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRE
 WAS NOT REALLY IN **ROME!!!**
 NOR WAS IT AN **EMPIRE...**
 OR EVEN **GREAT!**

...Actually, it was a small town in Sicily
 ...that the Mafia was trying to promote
 as a tourist attraction!

"I can't help it, I'm just trigger happy!" — Roy Rogers



ANGUS FERNDIP

...of Racine, Wisconsin
 WAS TOLD BY 14 DOCTORS THAT
 HE ONLY HAD A YEAR TO LIVE...
AND HE DIED AT 102!
 (THEY TOLD HIM WHEN HE WAS 101!)



Contrary to popular belief....
QUASIMODO
 WAS NOT HUNCHBACKED!

(His back was straight... it was the
rest of his body that was deformed!)



HIRAM P. GURNEY
 Salt Lake City, Utah
 CROSSED A MINK
 WITH AN **OCTOPUS!!**

(...Years later he got a fur coat
 with 39 sleeves!)

VERNA SNODGRASS

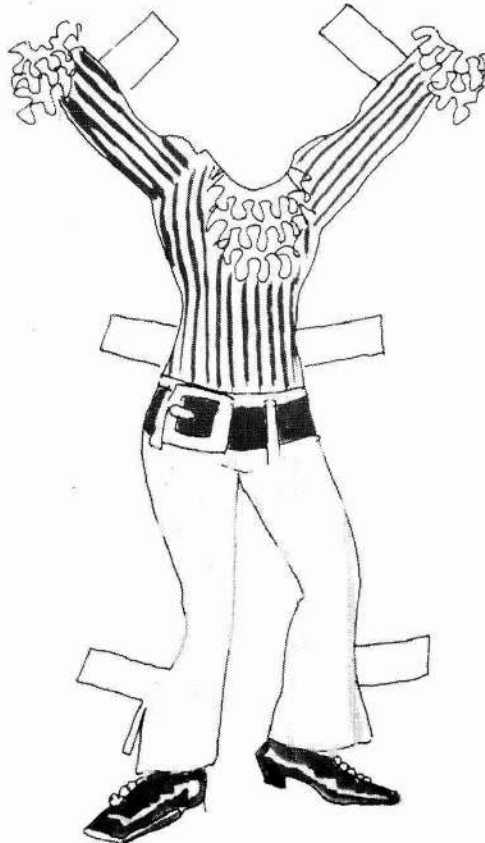
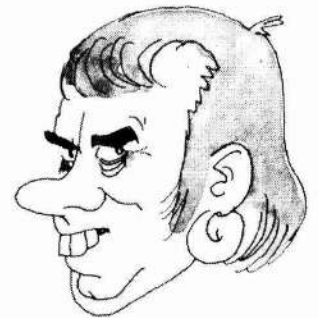
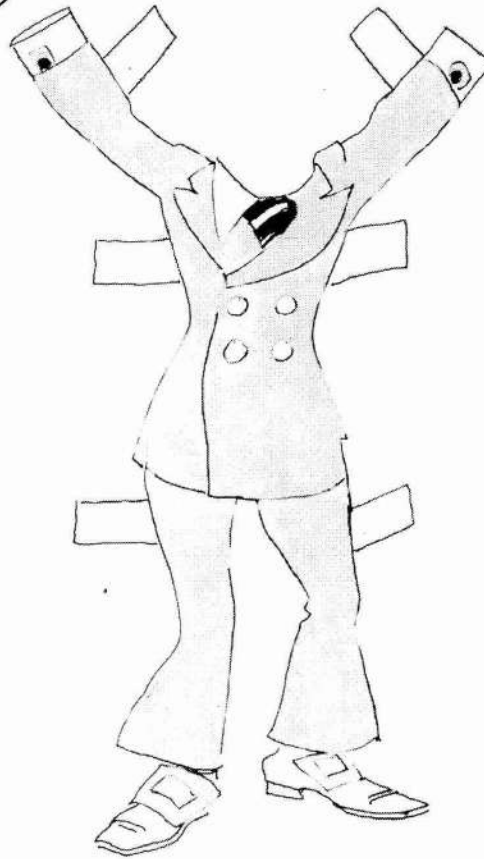
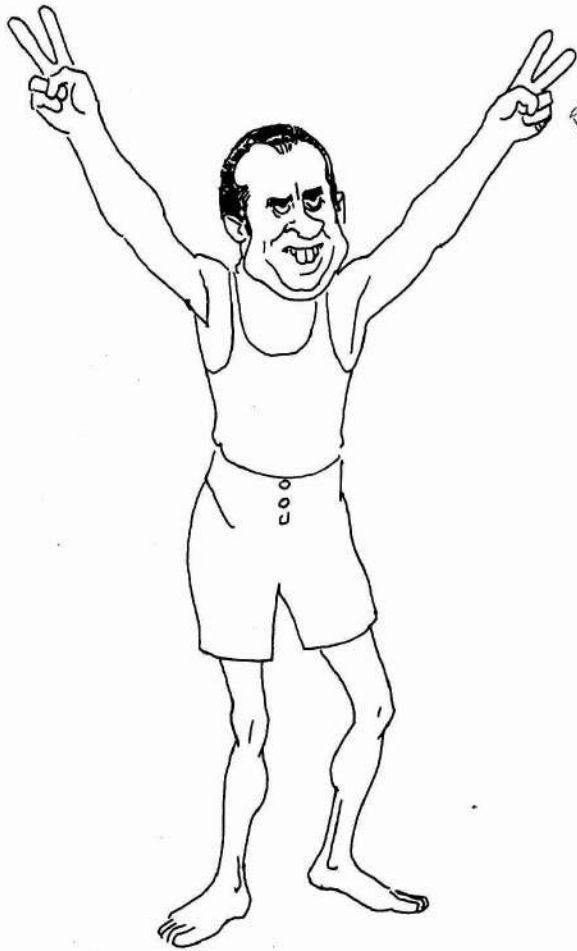
(An Upstate New York M.D.)
 WAS THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR
 TO COME FROM BUFFALO!

(All the others came from normal parents!!!)

PAPER-DOLL CUTOUT:

THE NEW NIXON

(as conceived by the old Jack Sparling)



HUMOR! MY FATHER! AND MOTHER!

REPORT
CARD



A SICK SAMPLER: